A.N.C.
PLANET
ICS
No.52
JAN.
10¢
MYSTA OF THE MOON LIFTS THE CURTAIN SHROUDING THE WORLD YET TO COME, IN "Mystery of the TIME CHAMBER!"
—ALSO—
AURO, LORD OF JUPITER
SPACE RANGERS
and many others—

A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

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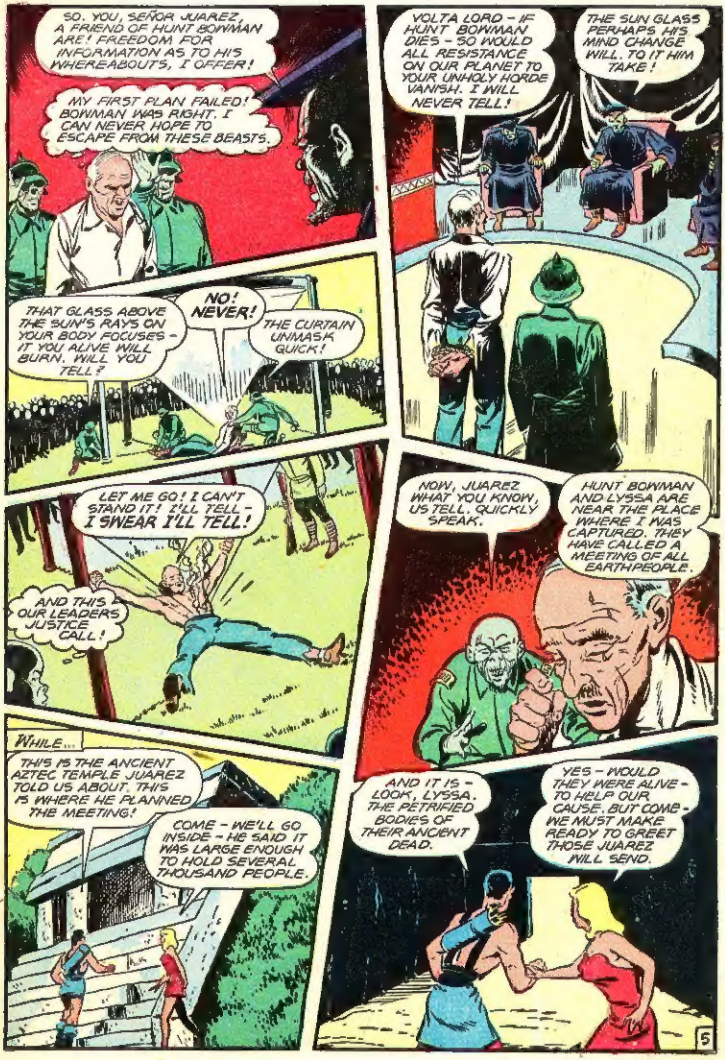
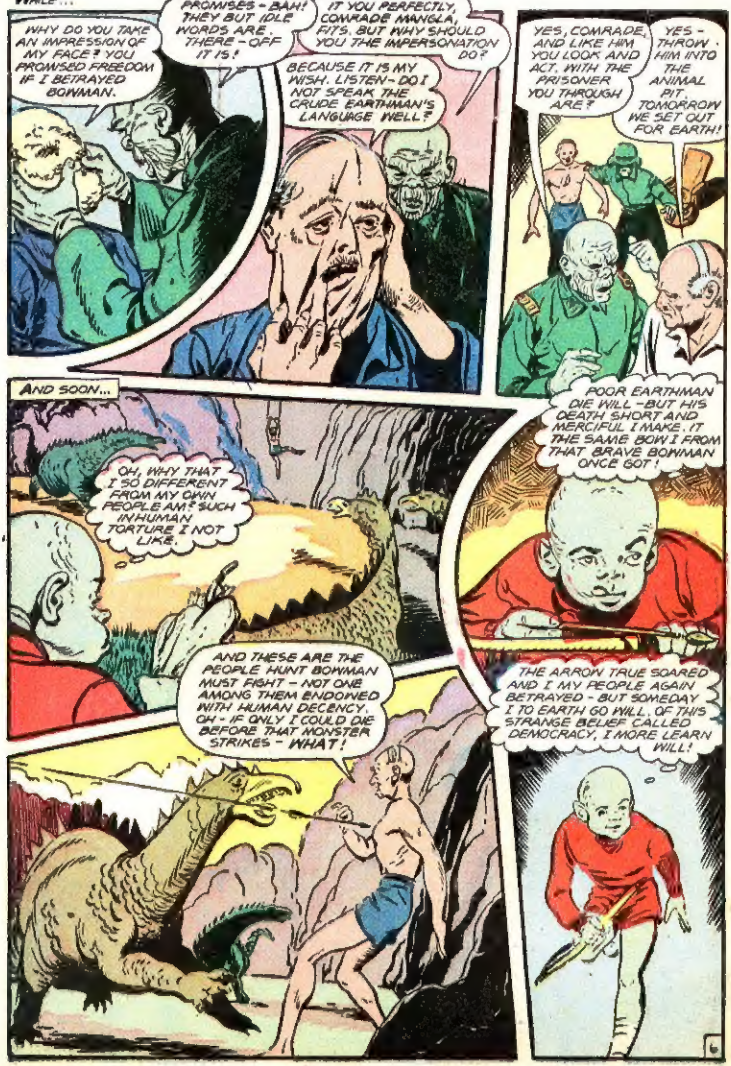
The LOST WORLD
BY
THORNECLIFF HERRICK
"DEVASTATE! PLUNDER! ENSLAVE!" SUCH IS THE VOLTA CREED. BUT HUNT BOWMAN AND LYSSA DARED DEFY THEIR RUTHLESS CODE — AND LIKE TINY TERMITES CONTINUED TO BORE AND UNDERMINE THE VOLTAN'S PLAN FOR UNIVERSAL DOMINATION. EVEN NOW, TO UNITE THE SCATTERED SURVIVORS, THEY WERE SPEEDING ACROSS THE MEXICAN BORDER...
EVANS
WHY DO YOU INSIST ON WEARING THAT OLD VOLTAN HELMET, LYSSA? ISN'T IT HOT ENOUGH WITHOUT THAT THING PERCHED ON YOUR HEAD?
IT'S WHAT THE BEST DRESSED EARTHWOMEN ARE WEARING...
... BUT, HUNT, WHERE ARE WE GOING TO LOOK FOR SEÑOR JUAREZ, NOW THAT WE'RE HERE?
I SENT A MESSAGE FOR HIM TO SIGNAL US SOMEWHERE ALONG THE TRACK BED. HE'S THE LEADER HERE IN THE FIGHT AGAINST VOLTANISM AND WE'VE GOT TO MEET HIM.

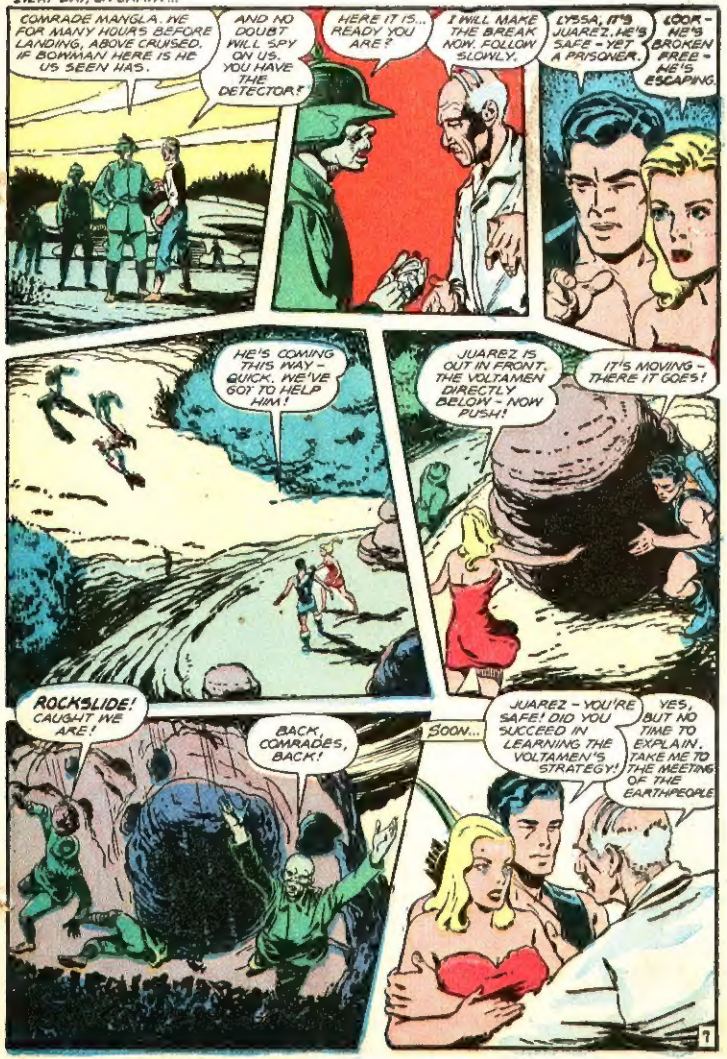
AS AHEAD...
BUENO – THE TRAIN! IT'S THE FAMOUS HUNT BOWMAN COMING TO MEET ME, NADA! A VOLTA HELMET – IT'S A TRAP! BUT THEY WON'T FOOL SEÑOR JUAREZ – I'LL EXPLODE THE MINE.
I'M SURE SEÑOR JUAREZ WILL HELP US! HUNT — EXPLOSION! BRIDGE IS CRUMBLING!
INSTANTLY...
WE'RE TRAPPED! THAT WINDOW OUR ONLY CHANCE!
MEANWHILE, ON VOLTA...
MARS AND JUPITER ENTIRELY SUBJECTED ARE. BUT EARTH STILL CAUSING TROUBLE IS. YOU, MANGLIA, RESPONSIBLE ARE. WHAT THE REASON IS? SPEAK!
A CURSED EARTHMAN NAMED BOWMAN AND HIS MATE TO BLAME ARE. THEY, THE SURVIVORS OF EARTH WITH A FOOLISH LOVE OF DEMOCRACY INSTILL ...
WHY – THEY EVEN DEATH TO OUR DICTATORSHIP PREFER. BUT WE SUBDUE THEM WILL!
BRAVO – OUR STATESMEN SENSE TALK. TO THEM CAREFULLY LISTEN.
THEY OF HUNT BOWMAN SPEAK... AND I, IGOR, AM PROUD THAT ONCE I HIM SAVED. WHY SHOULD WE FREE PEOPLE ENSLAVE?
2

WHILE...
AS...
AT LAST - WE'RE OUT OF THE CAB - HUNT WILL SAVE ME!
SO - TWO VOLTANS SURVIVED THE CRASH - BUT MY SLING WILL CRUSH THEIR HEADS.
SOON...
HELP! WE ARE EARTHPEOPLE!
HE HEARS YOU, HUNT. HE'S STOPPED THROWING!
BUENO - YOU ARE LYSSA, HUNT BOWMAN'S MATE - BUT I SAW A VOLTA HELMET GLEAM FROM THE TRAIN.
I WAS WEARING IT. AND YOU - YOU ARE SEÑOR JUAREZ?
SI - AND I HAVE A PLAN - I'M GOING TO GO TO VOLTA - THERE'S A CHANCE I CAN LEARN SOME OF THEIR SECRETS AND ESCAPE.
NO, JUAREZ - IT'S SUICIDE!
PERHAPS - BUT EVEN IF I FAIL, I WILL HAVE BAITED THE TRAP FOR YOU TO KILL A GOODLY NUMBER OF THE DEVILS!
THERE - IT'S DONE. THE VOLTANS WILL SEE THAT SIGNAL FIRE AND COME TO INVESTIGATE!
3

WHILE...
COMRADE MANGLA SPECIAL ORDERS SENT HAS BONUS OF TWO THOUSAND TALONS FOR THE CAPTURE OF EACH EARTHPERSON, HE OFFERS.
WELL COULD I THAT MONEY USE, COMRADE, LOOK! - DO YOU A LIGHT THERE SEE?
YES - SOME KIND OF SIGNAL FIRE IS - FULL SPEED TO IT GO - COMRADES - PREPARE TO LAND!
SECONDS LATER...
THERE LOOK - EARTHPEOPLE! ALL GUNS TO PARALYZING CHAMBERS SET!
OH, HUNT, I DON'T LIKE JUAREZ'S IDEA. THEY'LL KILL HIM!
TOO LATE NOW - HE'S LAGGING BEHIND - I HEAR THE RAY GUN BLASTS - THEY'RE SHOOTING AT HIM!
HUNT - I'M HIT! REMEMBER ALL I TOLD YOU - VIVA LA EARTH! VIVA DEMOCRACY! OHHH!
SO SEÑOR JUAREZ HAS LAUNCHED HIS PLAN - LET US HOPE HE DOES RETURN - BUT IF HE DOESN'T - THAT WE MAY AVENGE HIS DEATH!
4


SO, YOU, SEÑOR JUAREZ, A FRIEND OF HUNT BOWMAN ARE! FREEDOM FOR INFORMATION AS TO HIS WHEREABOUTS, I OFFER!
MY FIRST PLAN FAILED! BOWMAN WAS RIGHT. I CAN NEVER HOPE TO ESCAPE FROM THESE BEASTS.
VOLTA LORD – IF HUNT BOWMAN DIES – SO WOULD ALL RESISTANCE ON OUR PLANET TO YOUR UNHOLY HORDE VANISH. I WILL NEVER TELL!
THE SUN GLASS PERHAPS, HIS MIND CHANGE WILL. TO IT HIM TAKE!
THAT GLASS ABOVE THE SUN'S RAYS ON YOUR BODY FOCUSES – IT YOU ALIVE WILL BURN. WILL YOU TELL?
NO! NEVER!
THE CURTAIN UNMASK QUICK!
LET ME GO! I CAN'T STAND IT! I'LL TELL – I SWEAR I'LL TELL!
AND THIS – OUR LEADERS JUSTICE CALL!
NOW, JUAREZ WHAT YOU KNOW, US TELL, QUICKLY SPEAK.
HUNT BOWMAN AND LYSSA ARE NEAR THE PLACE WHERE I WAS CAPTURED. THEY HAVE CALLED A MEETING OF ALL EARTH PEOPLE.
WHILE...
THIS IS THE ANCIENT AZTEC TEMPLE JUAREZ TOLD US ABOUT. THIS IS WHERE HE PLANNED THE MEETING!
COME – WE'LL GO INSIDE – HE SAID IT WAS LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD SEVERAL THOUSAND PEOPLE.
AND IT IS – LOOK, LYSSA. THE PETRIFIED BODIES OF THEIR ANCIENT DEAD.
YES – WOULD THEY WERE ALIVE – TO HELP OUR CAUSE. BUT COME – WE MUST MAKE READY TO GREET THOSE JUAREZ WILL SEND.
5


WHILE...
WHY DO YOU TAKE AN IMPRESSION OF MY FACE? YOU PROMISED FREEDOM IF I BETRAYED BOWMAN.
PROMISES - BAH! THEY BUT IDLE WORDS ARE. THERE - OFF IT IS!
IT YOU PERFECTLY, COMRADE MANGLA, FITS. BUT WHY SHOULD YOU THE IMPERSONATION DO?
BECAUSE IT IS MY WISH. LISTEN - DO I NOT SPEAK THE CRUDE EARTHMAN'S LANGUAGE WELL?
YES, COMRADE, AND LIKE HIM YOU LOOK AND ACT. WITH THE PRISONER YOU THROUGH ARE?
YES - THROW HIM INTO THE ANIMAL PIT. TOMORROW WE SET OUT FOR EARTH!
AND SOON...
OH, WHY THAT I SO DIFFERENT FROM MY OWN PEOPLE AM? SUCH INHUMAN TORTURE I NOT LIKE.
AND THESE ARE THE PEOPLE HUNT BOWMAN MUST FIGHT - NOT ONE AMONG THEM ENDOWED WITH HUMAN DECENCY. OH - IF ONLY I COULD DIE BEFORE THAT MONSTER STRIKES - WHAT!
POOR EARTHMAN DIE WILL - BUT HIS DEATH SHORT AND MERCIFUL I MAKE. IT THE SAME BOW I FROM THAT BRAVE BOWMAN ONCE GOT!
THE ARRON TRUE SOARED AND I MY PEOPLE AGAIN BETRAYED - BUT SOMEDAY I TO EARTH GO WILL. OF THIS STRANGE BELIEF CALLED DEMOCRACY, I MORE LEARN WILL!

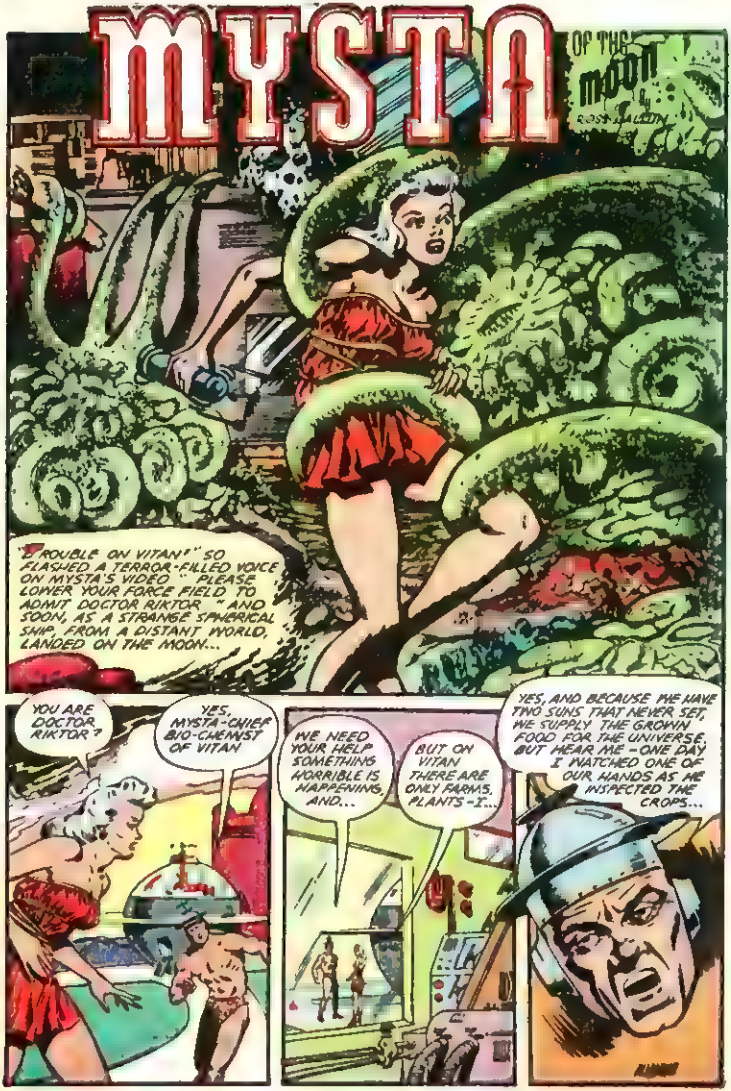

NEXT DAY, ON EARTH...
COMRADE MANGLA. WE FOR MANY HOURS BEFORE LANDING, ABOVE CRUISED. IF BOWMAN HERE IS HE US SEEN HAS.
AND NO DOUBT WILL SPY ON US. YOU HAVE THE DETECTOR?
HERE IT IS... READY YOU ARE?
I WILL MAKE THE BREAK NOW. FOLLOW SLOWLY.
LYSSA, IT'S JUAREZ. HE'S SAFE - YET A PRISONER.
GOOR - HE'S BROKEN FREE - HE'S ESCAPING.
HE'S COMING THIS WAY - QUICK. WE'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!
JUAREZ IS OUT IN FRONT. THE VOLTAMEN DIRECTLY BELOW - NOW PUSH!
IT'S MOVING - THERE IT GOES!
ROCKSLIDE! CAUGHT WE ARE!
BACK, COMRADES, BACK!
SOON...
JUAREZ - YOU'RE SAFE! DID YOU SUCCEED IN LEARNING THE VOLTAMEN'S STRATEGY!
YES, BUT NO TIME TO EXPLAIN. TAKE ME TO THE MEETING OF THE EARTHPEOPLE
7

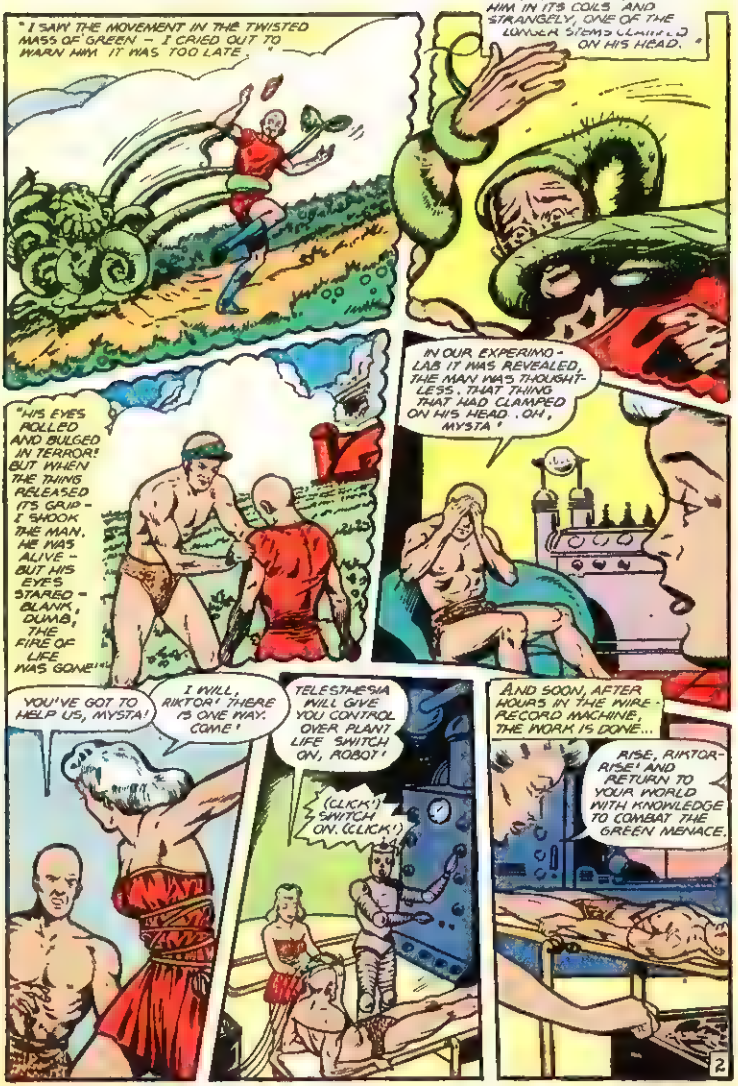
SOON...
HOW MANY ARE THERE? I MUST TELL THEM WHAT I LEARNED ON VOLTA.
NEARLY FIVE HUNDRED, JUAREZ. LYSSA WENT AHEAD TO CALL THEM TO ORDER. SEE - SHE ADDRESSES THEM NOW.
EARTHPEOPLE, JUAREZ TRICKED THE VOLTANS INTO CAPTURING HIM. HE HAS LEARNED THEIR SECRETS.
AS... MANGLA FOOLED THEM HAS! OUR GUIDE NEEDLE POINTS.
THAT WAY - COMRADES, MARCH!
AH... THE DETECTO MY COMRADES HERE GUIDE WILL... SOON ALL THESE FOOLISH EARTHPEOPLE PERISH WILL!
HE ESCAPED AND IS HERE TO ADDRESS US.
THIS PLANET NO LONGER EARTH CALLED WILL BE - BUT AFTER MANGLA, ITS CONQUERER, NAMED. HALT!
DETECTO SHOWS HE ABOVE IN ANCIENT TEMPLE CLIFF SCALE WILL AND ATTACK!
18

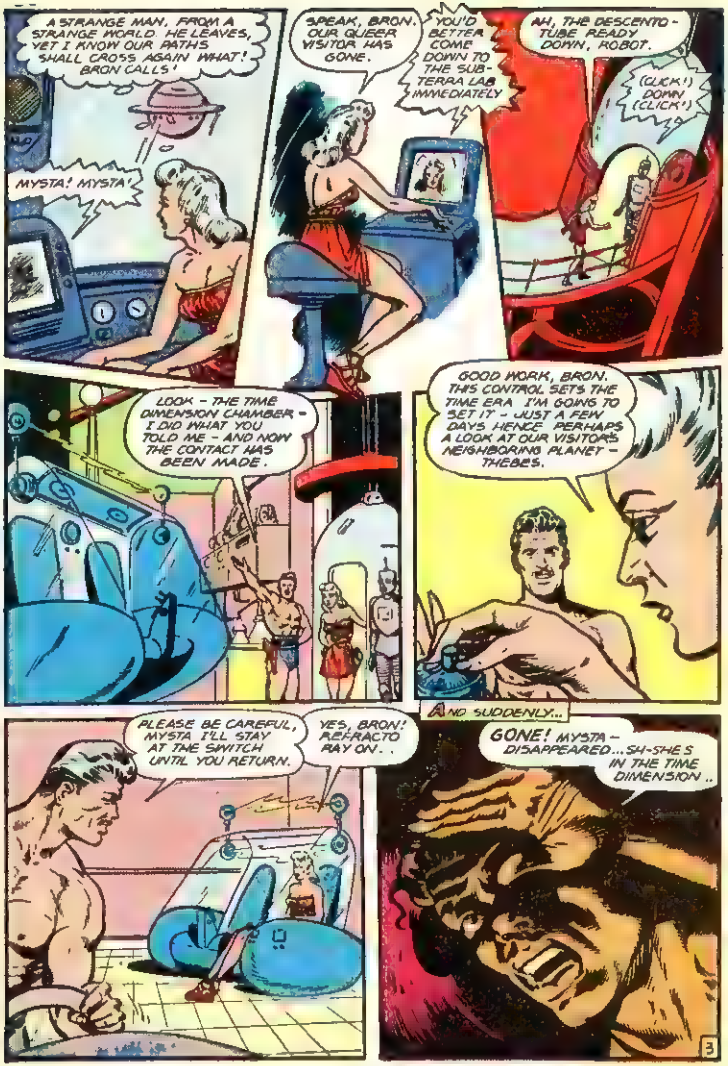
SOFTLY, COMRADES - FOR IN THIS ATTACK ALL OPPOSITION TO OUR VOLTA CREED ON EARTH PERISH WILL!
THERE THE ANCIENT TEMPLE IS! AND INSIDE THE FOOLISH EARTHLINGS SIT AND OVER STUPID WAYS TO FIGHT US PONDER - COME!
AS BELOW
GUNS TO BURN CHAMBERS SET. I A WARNING SHOUT WILL GIVE, AND IF THEY NOT SURRENDER DO - WE THEM KILL! BUT MANOLA SPARE! HO, EARTHLINGS!
ON THESE RUINS, MY FRIENDS, WE WILL BUILD A GREAT WORLD DEMOCRACY - WHAT'S THAT?
VOLTAMEN LYSSA! AND YOU, IMPOSTOR - YOU WILL BE OUR SHIELD!
I, AN IMPOSTOR? NO, BOWMAN, LET GO!
OHHH!
HE'S DEAD - THIS WAY, HUNT - HERE'S THE PASSAGE SENOR JUAREZ TOLD US OF!
9

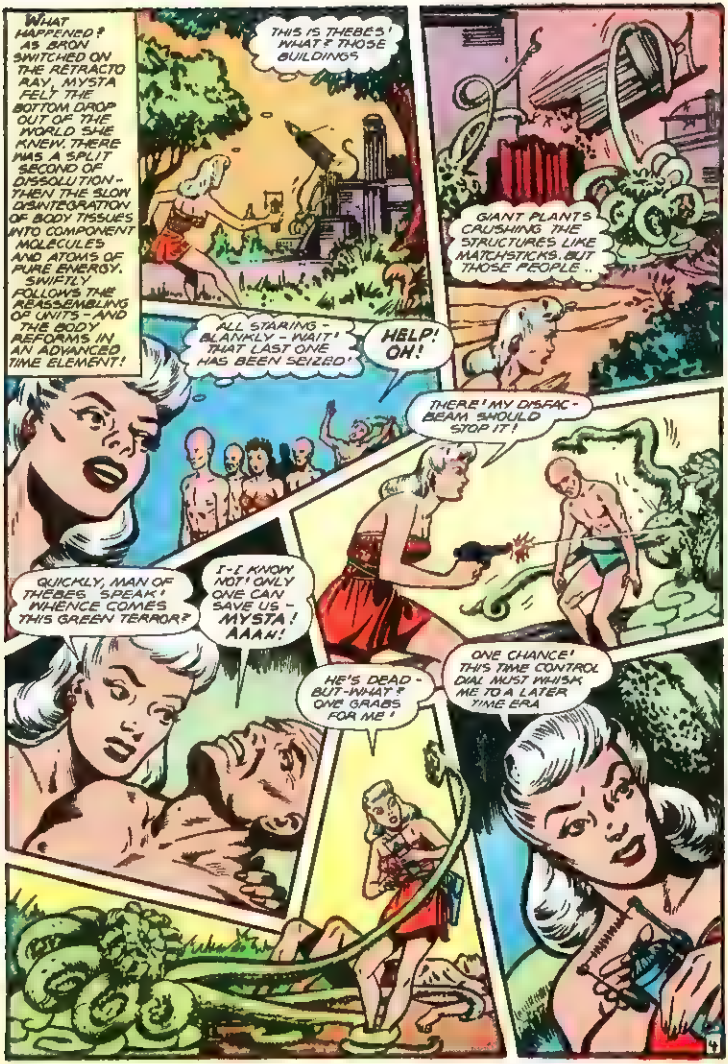
MANGLA FROM OUR BLASTS DEAD IS, BUT YOU SNIVELING EARTHMAN WITH HIM DIE!
HOLD! WE TRICKED HAVE BEEN THESE PEOPLE SOME ANCIENT PETRIFIED BODIES ARE!
JUAREZ US TRICKED! NO MEETING THERE WAS - SO WHEN MANGLA OF A CONVENTION SPOKE - BOWMAN KNEW HE IMPOSTOR WAS AFTER THEM! WHAT!
EXPLOSION - CEILING FALLS! WE TRAPPED ARE!
AND OUTSIDE,
JUAREZ PLANNED THIS AMBUSH WELL - AT LEAST A THOUSAND VOLTAMEN DIED IN THAT CAVE!
AND NOW, HUNT, WHAT NEXT? DO YOU THINK WE WILL EVER WIN THIS WAR?
YES, LYSSA, WE WILL COME, THE VOLTA SPACE-SHIPS ARE AT OUR DISPOSAL!
SO WE'LL USE THEM TO REALLY GATHER ALL EARTHPEOPLE IN A HUGE MEETING WHO KNOWS - PERHAPS WE WILL INVADE VOLTA SOME DAY

LOST WORLD IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!!


MYSTA
OF THE MOON
ROSS ANDRU
"TROUBLE ON VITAN!" SO FLASHED A TERROR-FILLED VOICE ON MYSTA'S VIDEO — PLEASE LOWER YOUR FORCE FIELD TO ADMIT DOCTOR RIKTOR — AND SOON, AS A STRANGE SPHERICAL SHIP FROM A DISTANT WORLD, LANDED ON THE MOON...
YOU ARE DOCTOR RIKTOR?
YES, MYSTA-CHIEF BIO-CHEMIST OF VITAN
WE NEED YOUR HELP SOMETHING HORRIBLE IS HAPPENING, AND...
BUT ON VITAN THERE ARE ONLY FARMS, PLANTS - I...
YES, AND BECAUSE WE HAVE TWO SUNS THAT NEVER SET, WE SUPPLY THE GROWN FOOD FOR THE UNIVERSE. BUT HEAR ME - ONE DAY I WATCHED ONE OF OUR HANDS AS HE INSPECTED THE CROPS...


"I SAW THE MOVEMENT IN THE TWISTED MASS OF GREEN – I CRIED OUT TO WARN MIKA IT WAS TOO LATE."
"WRITHING TENTACLES WHO MIKA IN ITS COILS AND STRANGELY, ONE OF THE LONGER STEMS CLAMPED ON HIS HEAD."
"HIS EYES ROLLED AND BULGED IN TERROR! BUT WHEN THE THING RELEASED ITS GRIP – I SHOOK THE MAN. HE WAS ALIVE – BUT HIS EYES STARED – BLANK, DUMB, THE FIRE OF LIFE WAS GONE!"
IN OUR EXPERIMO - LAB IT WAS REVEALED, THE MAN WAS THOUGHT-LESS. THAT THING THAT HAD CLAMPED ON HIS HEAD. OH, MYSTA!
YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US, MYSTA!
I WILL, RIKTOR! THERE IS ONE WAY. COME!
TELESTHESIA WILL GIVE YOU CONTROL OVER PLANT LIFE SWITCH ON, ROBOT!
(CLICK!) SWITCH ON. (CLICK!)
AND SOON, AFTER HOURS IN THE WIRE - RECORD MACHINE, THE WORK IS DONE...
RISE, RIKTOR - RISE! AND RETURN TO YOUR WORLD WITH KNOWLEDGE TO COMBAT THE GREEN MENACE.
2


A STRANGE MAN, FROM A STRANGE WORLD. HE LEAVES, YET I KNOW OUR PATHS SHALL CROSS AGAIN WHAT! BRON CALLS!
MYSTA! MYSTA!
SPEAK, BRON. OUR QUEER VISITOR HAS GONE.
YOU'D BETTER COME DOWN TO THE SUB-TERRA LAB IMMEDIATELY
AH, THE DESCENTO-TUBE READY DOWN, ROBOT.
(CLICK!) DOWN (CLICK!)
LOOK - THE TIME DIMENSION CHAMBER - I DID WHAT YOU TOLD ME - AND NOW THE CONTACT HAS BEEN MADE.
GOOD WORK, BRON. THIS CONTROL SETS THE TIME ERA I'M GOING TO SET IT - JUST A FEW DAYS HENCE PERHAPS A LOOK AT OUR VISITORS NEIGHBORING PLANET - THEBES.
AND SUDDENLY...
PLEASE BE CAREFUL, MYSTA I'LL STAY AT THE SWITCH UNTIL YOU RETURN.
YES, BRON! REFRACTO RAY ON. .
GONE! MYSTA - DISAPPEARED...SH-SHE'S IN THE TIME DIMENSION ..
3


WHAT HAPPENED? AS BRON SWITCHED ON THE RETRACTO RAY, MYSTA FELT THE BOTTOM DROP OUT OF THE WORLD SHE KNEW. THERE WAS A SPLIT SECOND OF DISSOLUTION - THEN THE SLOW DISINTEGRATION OF BODY TISSUES INTO COMPONENT MOLECULES AND ATOMS OF PURE ENERGY. SWIFTLY FOLLOWS THE REASSEMBLING OF UNITS - AND THE BODY REFORMS IN AN ADVANCED TIME ELEMENT!
THIS IS THEBES! WHAT? THOSE BUILDINGS
GIANT PLANTS CRUSHING THE STRUCTURES LIKE MATCHSTICKS. BUT THOSE PEOPLE..
ALL STARING - BLANKLY - WAIT! THAT LAST ONE HAS BEEN SEIZED!
HELP! OH!
THERE! MY DISFAC - BEAM SHOULD STOP IT!
QUICKLY, MAN OF THEBES, SPEAK! WHENCE COMES THIS GREEN TERROR?
I-I KNOW NOT! ONLY ONE CAN SAVE US - MYSTA! AAAH!
HE'S DEAD - BUT-WHAT? ONE GRABS FOR ME!
ONE CHANCE! THIS TIME CONTROL DIAL MUST WHISK ME TO A LATER TIME ERA

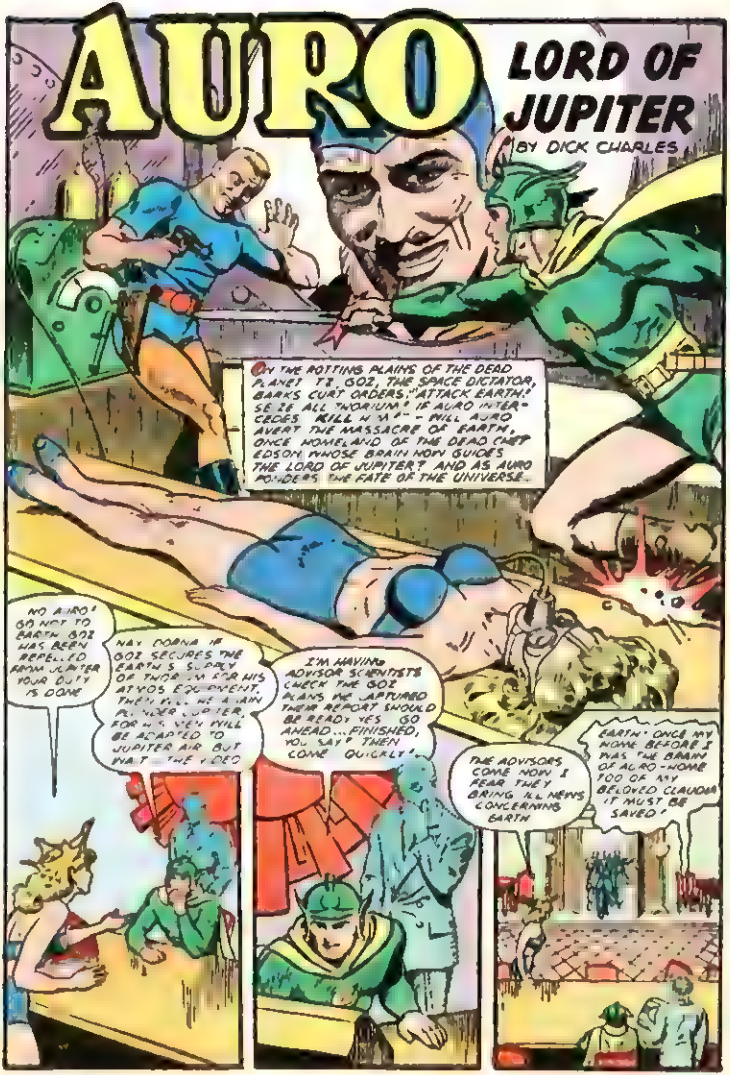
DISINTEGRATION REPEATED - THE TIME BOOK COMPLETE. REASSEMBLED IN THE ADVANCED ERA, MYSTA'S EYES GAZE IN WONDERMENT AT A SCHOOL OF THE FUTURE. A HISTORY SCREEN THAT PROBES BACK INTO SPACE AND RECORDS THE PAST HAPPENINGS ON A VIZI-PLATE ..
THAT OLD PROFESSOR - HE'S SPEAKING ..
YOUR ATTENTION, STUDENTS! I NOW TURN THE HISTORY SCREEN TO OUR BELOVED IDOL
MYSTA! IN HER TIME THE FOUNT OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE ..
SHE WAS BORN AMIDST TURMOIL WHEN TERRA WAS WITNESSING A RE-TURN TO IGNORANCE! BOOKS WERE BURNED, SCIENCE WAS STIFLED
" BUT MYSTA, AND A YOUNG MAN NAMED NEIS, WERE TAKEN TO THE MOON BY AN OLD PROFESSOR. HE INSTRUCTED THEM WELL IN THE FORBIDDEN SCIENCES ..
THERE! I'VE TAUGHT YOU ALL I KNOW - ALL ANYONE WILL EVER KNOW!
'ALAS! THE TAINT OF EVIL RESIDED IN NEL'S SMOLDERING HEART. HE GRASPED FOR POWER - MURDERED THE OLD PROFESSOR "
" BUT MYSTA SAW! AND A SHATTERING BLAST FROM HER RAYGUN ENDED HIS FOUL CAREER "
YOU ALL KNOW THAT FROM THEN ON MYSTA WAS SOLE POSESSOR OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE! BUT ONE DAY A MAN NAMED RIKTOR CAME TO THE MOON
MYSTA INSTRUCTED HIM IN THE SCIENCE OF TELESTHESIA - TO COMBAT A PLANT MENACE, ARISING ON THE PLANET, VITAN.
5

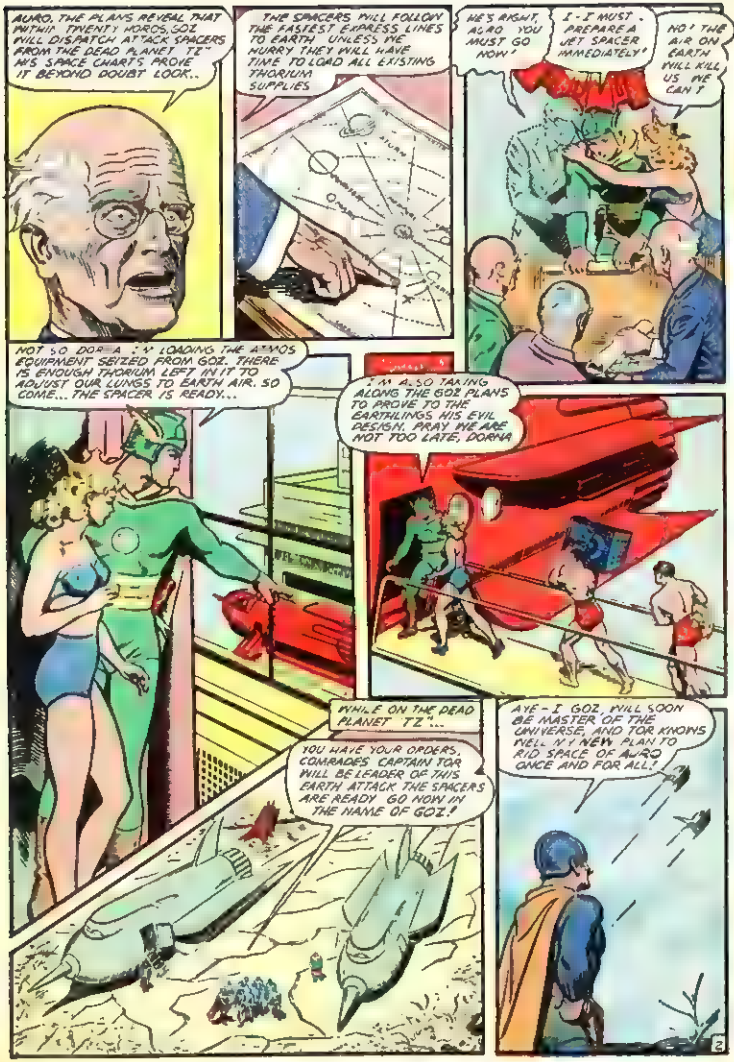
AMAZING! I'M WITNESSING WHAT HAPPENED TO ME BUT A SHORT TIME AGO THAT'S RIKTOR LEAVING IN HIS SPHERICAL SHIP
WATCH CLOSELY TO WHAT HAPPENED
"FOR WHEN RIKTOR REACHED HIS OWN LABORATORY"
GOOD! YOU'VE PUT THE BRAIN PLANT IN THE VAXO-TUBE - NOW I SHALL ENTER.
SO - YOU DESIRE A BRAIN, EH? WELL, WITH THE KNOWLEDGE MYSTA IMPARTED TO ME - I CAN GIVE YOU ONE!
LOOK, ORL! THE THING GROWS! IT-IT'S BURSTING FROM THE VAXO-TUBE!
RISE! RISE, YOU THING OF HORROR!
YOU SAW THAT, MEN! YES, WITH THIS NEW KNOWLEDGE I CONTROL THEM AT WILL. (AND A FEW ON OUR NEIGHBOR, THEBES, WE SHALL CONDUCT THE EXPERIMENT TERROR! ORL, YOU WILL COME WITH ME TO THE MOON!
LATER.
NO SIGN OF MYSTA YET! WAIT, THOSE SOUNDS ABOVE
BRON IN DANGER! NO! STOP! STOP!

WHO IS THIS WHO INVADES THIS SANCTUM OF LEARNING? A SPY PERHAPS!
NO! I AM MYSTA! GIVE ME THAT DIAL - GIVE IT TO ME!
MYSTA? YOU IMPOSTOR! MYSTA'S BONES HAVE LONG MOLDERED TO DUST! CALL THE SPACE POLICE, QUICKLY!
LET ME EXPLAIN - I TRAVELED THROUGH TIME - I...
THEY WON'T LISTEN TO ME! WAIT - ONE CHANCE! MY THOUGHT IMAGE
WHAT? HER BODY SLUMPS AS IF DEAD!
WHILE
RIKTOR! THOSE PLANTS - DESTROYING THE LAB!
CRUSH, DESTROY, KILL!
SUDDENLY
MYSTA! WHERE ARE YOU, MYSTA! ALL IS LOST!
MY BRAIN! CAN'T THINK! BUT WHAT'S THAT?
7

BRON! FEEL MY PRESENCE! MY THOUGHTS MUST BE YOURS!
I CAN THINK! THE THING HAS RELEASED ITS GRIP!
GO, BRON! REVERSE THE TIME MACHINE!
ESCAPING MY PLANT!
THERE THAT'LL HOLD YOU WHILE I EXAMINE THIS MACHINE!
OOH!
SEEMS TO BE A TIME MACHINE! AND ALL THIS IS MINE – MINE!
I FEEL MYSTA URGING ME ON! THESE WIRES..
CROSSED WIRES, A SUDDEN FLASH, THEN THE PUNGENT ODOR OF BURNING FLESH
NOTHING TO FEAR BRON. WITH RIKTOR DEAD – THE GREEN TERROR DIES ALSO! THAT SCREW – TURN IT!
SAFE! THIS SCREW – I'LL TURN IT!
AND BACK IN THE ADVANCED TIME ERA, A FIGURE STIRS, FINGERS FLASH SWIFTLY, AND
NOW TO REVERSE THE TIME DIAL. I'VE GOT IT!
AND SOON
OUR EXPERIMENT WITH THE FUTURE IS OVER, BRON WE WILL DESTROY THE TIME MACHINE.
I AGREE, MYSTA. THE MOON IS A MIGHTY LONELY PLACE WITH YOU GONE! YET I KNOW IT WAS YOU WHO DESTROYED RIKTOR AND HIS GREEN TERROR!

MYSTA, OF THE MOON, IN EVERY ISSUE OF **PLANET COMICS!!**


AURO
LORD OF JUPITER
BY DICK CHARLES
ON THE ROTTING PLAINS OF THE DEAD PLANET TZ. GOZ, THE SPACE DICTATOR, BARKS CURT ORDERS. "ATTACK EARTH! SEIZE ALL THORIUM! IF AURO INTERCEDES KILL HIM!" - WILL AURO AVERT THE MASSACRE OF EARTH'S ONCE HOMELAND OF THE DEAD THEY EDSON, WHOSE BRAIN NOW GUIDES THE LORD OF JUPITER? AND AS AURO PONDERS THE FATE OF THE UNIVERSE...
NO AURO! GOZ NOT TO EARTH. GOZ HAS BEEN REPELLED FROM JUPITER. YOUR QUEST IS DONE!
NAY DONNA IF GOZ SECURES THE EARTH'S SUPPLY OF THORIUM FOR HIS ATMOS EQUIPMENT, THEN WILL HE AGAIN PLUNDER JUPITER, FOR WE CAN NEVER BE ADAPTED TO JUPITER AIR. BUT WHAT OF THE VIDEO
I'M HAVING ADVISOR SCIENTISTS CHECK THE GOZ PLANS. THE ADJUNCT THERE OF SHOULD BE READY. YES. GO AHEAD... FINISHED, YOU SAY? THEN COME QUICKLY!
THE ADVISORS COME NOW. I FEAR THEY BRING ILL NEWS CONCERNING EARTH
EARTH! ONCE MY HOME BEFORE I WAS THE BRAIN OF AURO - HOME TO ONE OF MY BELOVED CLAUDIA IT MUST BE SAVED!


AURO, THE PLANS REVEAL THAT WITHIN TWENTY HOURS, GOZ WILL DISPATCH ATTACK SPACERS FROM THE DEAD PLANET TZ" HIS SPACE CHARTS PROVE IT BEYOND DOUBT LOOK..
THE SPACERS WILL FOLLOW THE FASTEST FEARLESS LINES TO EARTH UNLESS WE HURRY THEY WILL HAVE TIME TO LOAD ALL EXISTING THORIUM SUPPLIES
HE'S RIGHT, AURO YOU MUST GO NOW!
I - I MUST - PREPARE A JET SPACER IMMEDIATELY!
NO! THE AIR ON EARTH WILL KILL US WE CAN'T
NOT SO DORMA ; I' LOADING THE ATMOS EQUIPMENT SEIZED FROM GOZ. THERE IS ENOUGH THORIUM LEFT IN IT TO ADJUST OUR LUNGS TO EARTH AIR. SO COME... THE SPACER IS READY...
I'M ALSO TAKING ALONG THE GOZ PLANS TO PROVE TO THE EARTHLINGS HIS EVIL DESIGN. PRAY WE ARE NOT TOO LATE, DORMA
"WHILE ON THE DEAD PLANET TZ"...
YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS, COMRADES CAPTAIN TOR WILL BE LEADER OF THIS EARTH ATTACK THE SPACERS ARE READY GO NOW IN THE NAME OF GOZ!
AYE - I GOZ, WILL SOON BE MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE, AND TOR KNOWS WELL IF I FAIL PLAN TO RID SPACE OF AURO ONCE AND FOR ALL!

NEARING EARTH SOON WILL THIS ATMOS MASK FILTER YOUR LUNG CELLS, THAT YOU MAY BREATHE ON EARTH, DORNA I, TOO, MUST GET READY.
THERE! THE DIAL LEVER IS SET FOR EARTH. WE ARE YET 200 KILOMETS AWAY. IF ONLY THE GOZ SHIPS ARE NOT AHEAD OF US
CAPTAIN TOR! ONLY 50 KILOMETS TO EARTH! ALL MEN HAVE HAD ATMOS TREATMENT.
EXCELLENT! I WILL CONTACT EARTH BY VIDEO NOW.
LAND ON EARTH
MR PRESIDENT! TWO SAUCERS APPROACHING HAVE MADE VIDEO CONTACT. THEY REQUEST IMMEDIATE AUDIENCE.
WHAT! THIS IS MOST UNUSUAL PROCEDURE BUT PERHAPS THEY HAVE AN URGENT MESSAGE CLAUDIA, SWITCH ON THE RADA-SCREEN.
THERE THEY ARE NOW, BUT I DON'T RECOGNIZE THEIR MARKINGS.
VERY ODD BUT COME, WE MUST BE AT THE AIRPORT TO GREET THEM
GREETINGS, EARTHLINGS! I TOR, COME AS A FRIEND FROM SPACE TO WARN YOU OF IMPENDING ATTACK FROM JUPITER. THEIR LEADER, AURO, WISHES TO CONQUER ALL SPACE! SEE MY PROOF HERE.
THIS IS A SERIOUS CHARGE, TOR
TOR SPEAKING. ALL MEN WILL APPEAR FRIENDLY TOWARD EARTHLINGS. I HAVE INSTRUCTIONS FROM GOZ TO
I WONDER WHAT THEIR MISSION MAY BE YET THEY LAND NOW. WE'LL KNOW SHORTLY.
TRUE, BUT OUR VIDEO TAPPING DEVICE HAS RECORDED HIS PLANS. SEE FOR YOURSELF!
AURO - WHO EXISTS WITH THE BRAIN OF MY DEAR CHET? NO! IT CANNOT BE!

AURO WILL ATTACK SOON, AS YOU CAN SEE. BUT IF YOU'LL GIVE US THORIUM FOR A NEW ER .. GUN WE HAVE, WE CAN BE STOPPED.
IT'S TRUE! TOO, YOU WILL HAVE ALL THE THORIUM YOU NEED.
I'LL DISPATCH THIS SPACER TO GOZ IMMEDIATELY AND STAY HERE WITH THE OTHER TO TAKE CARE OF AURO.
I'M HAVING ALL SUPPLIES LOADED ABOARD YOU SPACER. MAY IT HELP YOU STOP THIS MONSTER AURO.
THE ATMOS TREATMENT HAS TAKEN EFFECT, AURO WHAT LUCK ARE YOU HAVING ON YOUR VIDEO CALL TO EARTH?
THEY WON'T RESPOND! SOMETHING STRANGE HERE
MR PRESIDENT! ANOTHER SPACER CALLING -SHALL I ANSWER?
NO! IT MUST BE AURO ATTACKING ALREADY. PILOTS, GET TO YOUR SUPER JETS... YOU MUST STOP HIM AT ALL COSTS. HURRY!
IF ONLY THEY CAN BRING HIM DOWN WITH THEIR SUPERSONIC ATOM RIFLES!
THEY WILL LOOK! THEY'RE IN RANGE NOW!
AURO! THEY'RE BLASTING US! THEY THINK WE'RE ENEMIES! THE GOZ FORCE MUST HAVE BEATEN US TO EARTH AND TOLD THEM FANTASTIC LIES! FIRE BACK, AURO!
HURRY! WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE RAPIDLY BLAST THEM!
NO! NO! NOT EARTHLINGS- THEY ARE MY PEOPLE BUT, TOO LATE! WE'RE CRASHING!!
4

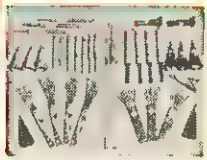
LOOK AURO! THOSE MEN-THEY'RE FIGHTING THE CHIEF'S MEN! IT LOOKS AS IF THE CHIEF'S MEN ARE HELPLESS BUT THAT GIRL RUNNING IT'S...
IT'S CLAUDIA! MY OWN FLESH & SAME SEES ME NOT AS ONLY MY BRAIN... YES, BUT IF SHE COULD JUST RECOGNIZE AURO!
WE HAVE THEM ALL, MR PRESIDENT
EXCELLENT FOR YOU HAVE EARNED YOUR THORIUM PELL
NO! WAIT! YOU CAN'T
HE IS THE AURO I ONCE KNEW WHOSE BRAIN IS THAT OF THE DEAD EARTHLING CHIEF EDSON. PERHAPS I COULD DEARLY WE COULD NOT ATTACK EARTH
I DO ... ON THIS COVER ON WE MUST SEIZE ALL ARE THEM!
CLAUDIA! ONCE DID YOU SAVE MY LIFE BY GIVING ME CHIEF'S BRAIN. NOW AGAIN DO YOU SAVE ME.
BUT AURO, LOOK, TOR AND HIS MEN, THEY
NO! YOU NOT AGAIN DO YOU FOIL AURO! BUT THEY'VE SEIZED CLAUDIA AND THE PRESIDENT! COME DORNA
THEY'RE TAKING OFF WE MUST FOLLOW IN OUR SPACER HURRY!
HALT! LEAVE US!
START TALKING ON THAT SPACE PHONE MR PRESIDENT TELL ALL EARTHLINGS AURO IS AN ENEMY AND MUST BE KILLED! NOW!

THEYRE GAINING! AURO, FIRE THEM WITH THE ELECTRO-BLASTER HURRY!
NO! YOU'LL KILL CLAUDIA BUT WEAR ME, AURO. LOOK
..THE ATMOS EQUIPMENT. WIRE IT TO THE ELECTRIC BLASTER. SET FOR DIAL FOR ANOTHER PLANET. AND
SOMETHING URGES ME.. I...
AURO! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? FIRE!
NO, DORNA THIS WILL WITHER THE GOZ MEN, BUT IT'LL SET IT TO KEEP EARTH LUNGS CLAUDIA AND THE PRESIDENT WILL BE AFFECTED BY THE ATMOS SHOCK. ALL ADJUSTMENTS MADE FIRE, DORNA, QUICKLY!
WELL DONE, DORNA. IT WILL HAVE THE SAME EFFECT AS ATMOS TREATMENT. ONLY THEIR LUNGS WILL BE ADAPTED TO ANOTHER PLANET SOON WILL THEIR BODIES SHRINK..
AS
I-I-I GROW WEAK. O-OLD, OLD!
HURRY, CLAUDIA GET THOSE CHUTES AND I'LL OPEN THIS ESCAPO HATCH. QUICKLY, BEFORE WE CRASH!
LATER...
I CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH, AURO BUT THOSE PLANS YOU SHOWED ME?
FAKED BY GOZ AND IT IS HE WE MUST STILL BEWARE OF FOR HE WILL ATTACK AGAIN, AND WE MUST BE PREPARED.

AURO, LORD OF JUPITER, IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!

BOYS! GIRLS! GET'EM NOW!

FIREWORKS for a Merry Christmas



Spectacular Night Ass'tt

Retail $6.35... Your Cost, $3.95

24	8" Gold Sparklers	.30
2	#3 Flare Shell	.50
3	Red and Green Torches	.45
4	Fisher Fountains	.60
2	Red and Green Comets	.10
4	Flower Pot	.80
48	10" Golden Sparklers	1.00
3	Silver Shower Fountains	.45
3	Handle Fountains	.75
42	20" Sparklers	1.20

Reg. Retail Value $6.35

YOU GET ALL FOR ONLY $3.95

Thrilling Aerial Ass'tt

Retail $6.15... Your Cost, $3.45

5	Repeating Flash Bomb	.50
3	3 Shot Repeating Bomb	.75
2	Buzz Bomb	.50
1	9 Shot Repeater w. Grand Finale	1.00
3	5 Shot Repeater Bomb	1.00
3	#1 Aerial Bomb	.45
1	Extra Heavy Aerial Bomb	.50
3	Whistling Repeaters	.75
2	#3 Aerial Bomb	.70

Reg. Retail Value $6.15

SPECIAL ONLY $3.45

Big Holiday Assortment!

RETAIL $8.70, YOUR COST $5.00

24	8" Gold Sparklers	.30
3	Sky Rockets	.75
50	2" Salutes	1.00
2	Buzz Bombs	.50
1	Flares Shell	.25
10 pks.	Chinese Firecrackers	1.00
1	Black Snakes	.20
1	Silver Vesuvius	.15
2	Red and Green Torches	.30
72	Blockbusters	3.50
6	Ball Roman Candles	.80

Reg. Retail Value $8.70

ORDER BY COUPON TODAY-GET ALL FOR-

Super All Noise Assortment!

RETAIL VALUE... $8.60
YOUR COST only $4.95

72	Bulldog Salutes	2.40
1	#2 Aerial Flash Bomb	.25
50	2" Salutes Bomb	1.00
2	Repeating Flash	.20
72	Blockbusters	3.50
10 pks.	Chinese Firecrackers	1.00
1	3 Shot Repeater Bomb	.25

Reg. Retail Value $8.60

SPECIAL

Please consult your local authorities before ordering as we cannot know the regulations in every city.

ORDER NOW!

ACME SALES COMPANY
P. O. Box 53—Station D, Atlanta, Georgia

Send at once Fireworks Assortments as checked below, express charges collect, F. O. B. Atlanta.

☐ Holiday Ass't at $5.00 ☐ All Noise Ass't $4.95 ☐ Night Display Ass't $3.95 ☐ Aerial Ass't at $3.45

☐ I Enclose Check or Money Order

Name _____

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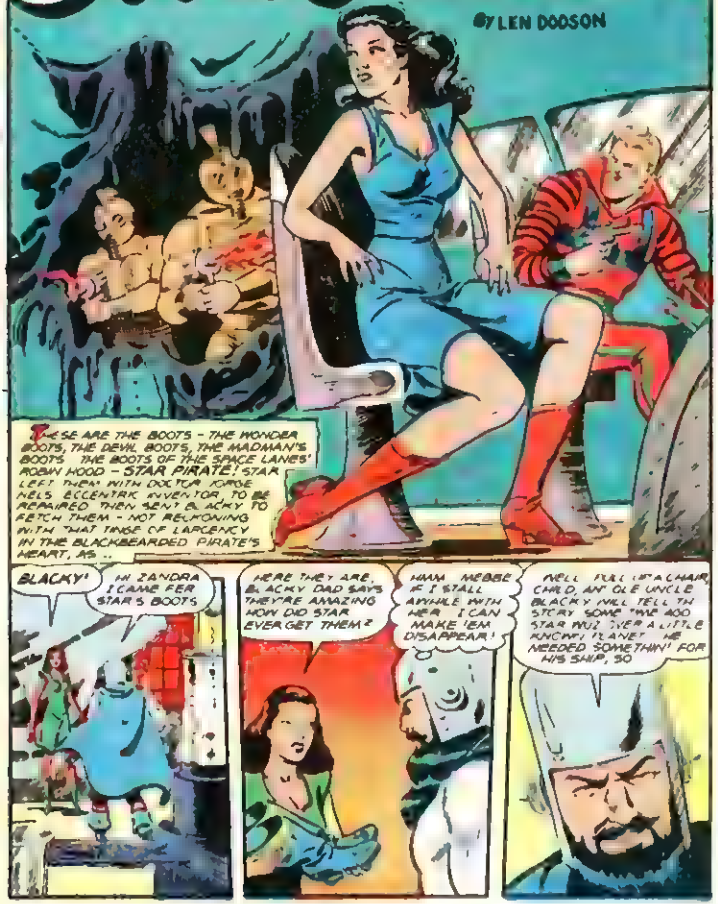
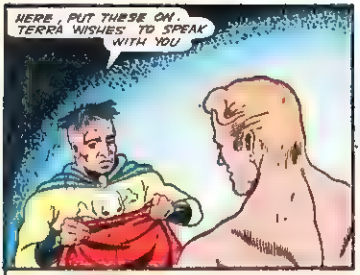
Star Pirate

By LEN DOOSON


THESE ARE THE BOOTS - THE WONDER BOOTS, THE DEVIL BOOTS, THE MADMAN'S BOOTS THE BOOTS OF THE SPACE LANES' ROBIN HOOD - STAR PIRATE! STAR LEFT THEM WITH DOCTOR KARNE NELS ECCENTRIC INVENTOR, TO BE REPAIRED. THEN SENT BLACKY TO FETCH THEM - NOT RECKONING WITH THAT TINGE OF LARCENCY IN THE BLACKBEARDED PIRATE'S HEART, AS ..
BLACKY!
HI ZANDRA I CAME FER STAR'S BOOTS
HERE THEY ARE, BLACKY DAD SAYS THEY'RE AMAZING HOW DID STAR EVER GET THEM?
HMM MEBBE IF I STALL AWHILE WITH HER I CAN MAKE 'EM DISAPPEAR!
WELL PULL UP A CHAIR CHILD, AN' OLE UNCLE BLACKY WILL TELL TH STORY SOME TIME AGO STAR WUZ OVER A LITTLE KNOWN PLANET HE NEEDED SOMETHIN' FOR HIS SHIP, SO

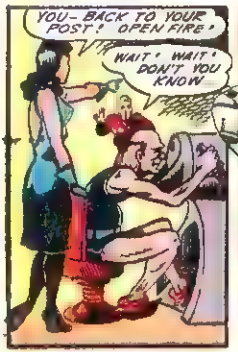
HEAD THE SHIP BACK FOR OUR HIDEOUT ON CALLISTO, I'LL SEE YOU THERE LATER.
LAST STOP!... REVERSE ROCKETS!
GOTTA BE CAREFUL, SPACE PIRATES ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR SOMEONE TO SHANGHAI!
GO INTO YOUR ACT, TERRA!
SUDDENLY...
HELP! MY BROTHER -BEING ATTACKED PLEASE HELP!!
SHANGHAI JOB, EH? LEAD ON, SIS
IT'S JUST AROUND THIS CORNER!
GOOD WORK!.. THROW THE FOOL ABOARD OUR SPACE SHIP WE LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!
OOH!
HOURS LATER
OHH- MY HEAD.. W-WHERE AM I?.. HEY!.. WHO TOOK MY CLOTHES?
2

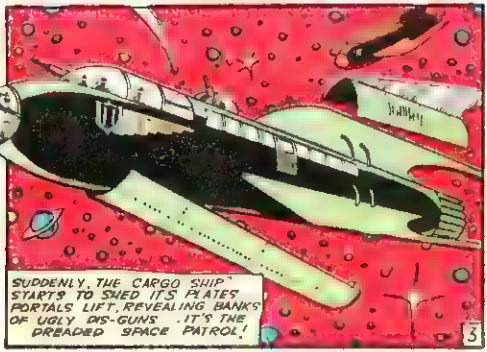

HERE, PUT THESE ON. TERRA WISHES TO SPEAK WITH YOU

TERRA HAS HER OWN METHODS OF GETTING A CREW FOR A PIRATE SHIP. YOU'RE BIG AND STRONG, GET TO WORK ON THE GRAPPLING HOOKS!
OKAY OKAY YOU'RE TOTIN' THE BALL SO FAR! MY DOWNS'LL COME LATER.

TERRA'S A SMART BABE, BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH TO RECOGNIZE ME AS STAR PIRATE! FOR WHICH HALLELUJAH!.

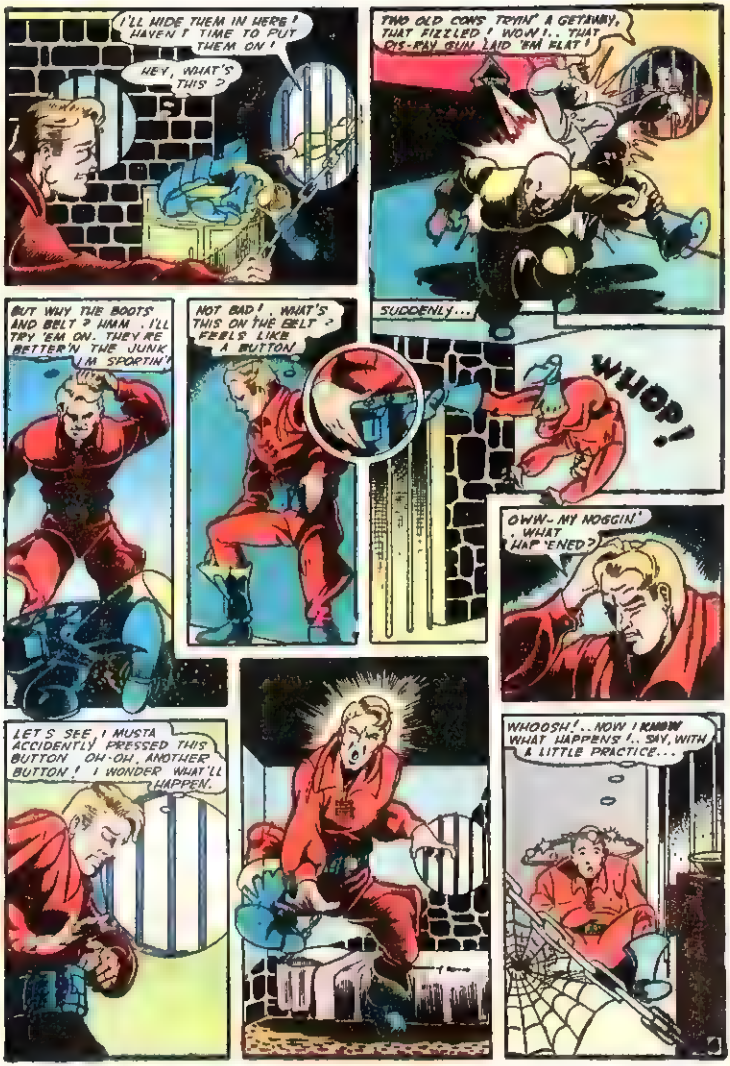
LATER, AS THE PIRATE CRAFT PLOWS THE REGULAR SPACE LANES...
STAND BY - STAND BY!.. THERE'S A CARGO TUB.. READY THE MAGNO-GRAPPLERS!


YOU - BACK TO YOUR POST! OPEN FIRE!
WAIT! WAIT! DON'T YOU KNOW


SUDDENLY, THE CARGO SHIP STARTS TO SHED IT'S PLATES PORTALS LIFT, REVEALING BANKS OF UGLY DIS-GUNS. IT'S THE DREADED SPACE PATROL!

A JOHN LAW DECOY I TRIED TO WARN YOU!
SHUT UP! FULL POWER! MAYBE WE CAN OUTRUN THEM!
TOO LATE! THEY'VE CLAMPED TRANO MAGNETS ON US!
TAKE THEM ALIVE!
INSTANTLY, A RAY TORCH SEARS THE HULL OPEN...
SWIFT MINUTES LATER
TERRA'S MUGS DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE! ONLY BREAK FOR ME IS THAT THE PATROL DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME IN THESE OLD DUDS!
TUFF N
PIRATE SHIP DESTROYED!... PROCEED TO KERON.
LATER
KERON - THE PRISON PLANET!
4

HMM... QUITE A PLACE TO SPEND A LIFE TIME! ...HEY, WHAT'S THAT SPACE SHIP DOIN' UP THERE?
THAT'S THE WARDEN'S PRIVATE SHIP. HIS PENT-HOUSE IS ON TOP OF THE MAIN BUILDING.
YOU'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE, EH?
SILENCE!..INTO THE OFFICE!
WOW!, IF WE EVER SPOTS THAT POSTER
WANTED
DISREPUTABLE LOT! YOU'LL BE SENTENCED TO-MORROW. GUARDS, THROW THEM IN SOLITARY!
AS THE PRISONERS ARE MARCHED OFF..
ANOTHER BATCH POOR SUCKERS!
NEVER MIND THEM! DID YOU BRING THE NEW COG?
YES HERE!
GOOD, GOOD! THIS COMPLETES THE CIRCUIT OF THE GRAVITO-ELECTRONIUM UNIT!
THERE, IT'S IN... I'VE SPENT YEARS INVENTING THESE BOOTS AND BELT, AND NOW THEY'RE FINISHED! ESCAPE - ESCAPE - IS WITHIN OUR GRASP! TONIGHT..
MUCH LATER..
HA!.. WE'RE OUT OF OUR COOP NOW TO REACH THE WALL!
WAIT- LOOK! THE LIGHT!
QUICK! - THE BOOTS-THE BELT- GET RID OF THEM!


I'LL HIDE THEM IN HERE! HAVEN'T TIME TO PUT THEM ON!
HEY, WHAT'S THIS?
TWO OLD CONS TRYIN' A GETAWAY, THAT FIZZLED! WOW!.. THAT DIS-RAY GUN LAID 'EM FLAT!
SUDDENLY...
WHOOP!
BUT WHY THE BOOTS AND BELT? HMM. I'LL TRY 'EM ON. THEY'RE BETTER'N THE JUNK I'M SPORTIN'!
NOT BAD! WHAT'S THIS ON THE BELT? FEELS LIKE A BUTTON!
OWW- MY NOGGIN! WHAT HAP'ENED?
LET'S SEE, I MUSTA ACCIDENTLY PRESSED THIS BUTTON OH-OH, ANOTHER BUTTON! I WONDER WHAT'LL HAPPEN.
WHOOSH!..NOW I KNOW WHAT HAPPENS!.. SAY, WITH A LITTLE PRACTICE...

NEXT MORNING, AMONG THE PRISONERS ASSIGNED TO WORK PITS..
GOTTA BIDE MY TIME WITH MY BOOT ACT..HOPE LAST NIGHT WASN'T A PIPE DREAM!
ABOVE...
AHH, A DELIGHTFUL PRISONER, I MUST REMEMBER TO VISIT HER CELL TONIGHT!
...GUARD'S DISTRACTED! IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
IT WORKED— IT WORKED!
TOWER GUARDS SLINGING PARALYZING RAYS! MY WAY - C'MON, BOOTS. LET'S GO PLACES!
AAH!
INSTANTLY, STAR S'PRAYS THE COURTYARD WITH PARA-RAYS!
FROM ABOVE..
GUARDS - GUARDS! CHANGE FROM PARALYZING TO DISINTEGRATOR RAYS! KILL THAT MANIAC!
WARDEN'S ROUNDIN' UP HIS STOOGES IF I MISS THAT PARAPET.
7

OH THE BUTTON! BUT THEY'LL GET MY NUMBER ANY SECOND!
IT'S A GOOD FORTY FEET TO THE WARDEN'S SPACER BUT IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE HERE GOES!
THERE'S THE SPACER NOW IF I CAN GET TO IT
MADE IT! NOW TO BLAST OFF FOR CALLISTO!
A ROAR FROM THE POWER JETS AND STAR LEFT THE PRISON OFFICIALS FUMING.
MOW THRILLING! BUT BE CAREFUL THE BOOTS ARE HIGHLY SENSITIZED
HA HA! THEY'LL BE SENSITIZED WHEN I GET 'EM FER MYSELF NOW TO BECOME INVISIBLE
HEY WHAT'S THAT?
WOOFF! IT'S A TRICK!!-
HYA, STAR OLE PAL! I WUZ GONNA BRING Y'BOOTS AN SURPRISE YUH! HEH...
I FIGURED THAT SO; I THOUGHT ID FOLLOW YOU JUST TO MAKE SURE LARCENY HEART!

STAR PIRATE IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS !!

THE MOON ANTS

By THORNECLIFFE HERRICK

STEAM hissed ominously from the tail jets of the turbo-spacer. Mechanics bustled about the gleaming super ship, hurriedly wiping excess oxy-grease from hot exhaust valve bearings, squirting ato-oil in defunct fume intake gears. Void weathermen took last minute readings on shiny temperature spheroid meters. Interplanet transport inspectors had always complimented Vozar space field superintendents on their diligence, and the maintenance force enjoyed living up to the praise.

"All very pretty, Thar," grunted a deep voice, raspy with age, "but you're the biggest fool in space for making this trip."

"Come, come, Qualus, we're not living way back in the Twentieth Century. Don't tell me even you believe the idiotic superstitions about Vozar's seventh moon."

"Hardly superstition, Thar. Perhaps I can explain. You mentioned the Twentieth Century . . ."

"And what have five thousand years ago to do with Vozar's seventh moon?"

"Calm down, Thar. I'll try to explain. I don't imagine you have ever heard of a disease called the Bubonic Plague?"

"Used to exist on the planet Earth a long time ago, didn't it?"

"Right. But it's the way this disease was spread that I'm getting at. Great rats used to carry the germ. Earth people once traveled on strange craft that floated on the surface of their oceans, and these rats would crawl aboard these ships as they were docked in a region stricken with the bubonic plague. When the ships stopped at another port free of disease, the rats scurried ashore and infected the population with this dread plague."

"Go on. What are you driving at?"

"Just this. Let us assume the planet Vozar that we're on now is a port free of disease. Your turbo-spacer is an ancient earth ship. And Vozar's seventh moon, then, is a region blighted by the bubonic plague."

"You mean I'll have to watch for giant rats hitching a ride back to Vozar and killing us all with the plague?"

"Far worse, Thar. Not rats but . . . but the Moon Ants!"

"What!"

"Yes, Thar. The Moon Ants. And what is more, they will not carry disease . . . they *are* disease!"

"For the love of Tao, Qualus, I believe you are stark, raving mad. Even I won't swallow that. Come now, enough of fairy tales, old man. The turbo-spacer's warmed, and the jet-run take-off men are going nuts because I haven't left yet. I've got to say good-bye and . . ."

"No! No, Thar! I beg you . . . you can't do it . . . you must not . . . I . . . I . . ."

A slick ribbon of trailing spacer fumes arched across the Vozar horizon. The glistening sides of the turbo-spacer diminished gracefully into a sparkling pinpoint of light in the afternoon sky.

Old Qualus clumped slowly back to his laboratory, his brow furrowed with worry, his face haggard and wizened.

"I'll have to finish it by tonight," he mused. "Thar will return in 11 horos and I must be ready, or it will be the end of Vozar."

A welter of apparatus cluttered the aged man's experiment chambers. Brother scientists could never understand why Qualus devoted all his time to the development of cell suspension fluids. Nothing of benefit ever came of it, but the old man plodded on alone, muttering constantly to himself as he puttered about in a maze of bio-tools.

Slowly he fingered a dyno-capsule. "The size of certain cells is regulated by the oxy-content of the atmosphere they exist in," he mumbled to himself. The capsule slid into a blaster barrel. "But if these cells are removed to an alien atmosphere, they will shrink or grow in proportion to the oxy-content of the new atmosphere." A regulator coil was tightened against a suspendo-mechanism. "Yet

such cells can be controlled . . . and *I* will control them." Final adjustments were made on an electro-trigger.

Qualus was proud of his instrument. Standing back and gazing at it for some time, he finally went to a heavy log book on the wall and wrote, "Tests completed on Reacto Ray Rifle this date." "Now," he thought, "now I will be ready when Thar returns from the seventh moon of Vozar."

A sinister hum reverberated in the ether paths about Vozar. A thin flash of silver streaked earthward. In space field control rooms light dials glared in warning and guide-landing spacers stood by. Qualus hurried to greet Thar just as purple patches of shadow began lengthening in the Vozar twilight. As the sun dipped suddenly behind a crooked ridge of mountains Thar's sleek turbo-spacer grated to a halt.

"Well, friend Qualus, have you come to welcome me home from the seventh moon or look for Moon Ants?" shouted the returning space explorer.

"Jest not, Thar. Merely because you did not see the Moon Ants does not mean they do not exist . . . does not mean they are not aboard your turbo-spacer this very sekos!"

"Well, if they are, I see you are prepared to defend Vozar against them. Where did you get the fancy rifle? Looks large enough to hunt asteroid monsters. Don't tell me you're going to shoot tiny ants with that thing!"

"Tiny, Thar? Time alone will justify me. But how was life on the seventh moon?"

"As I had calculated . . . very low oxy-content in the atmosphere, about one hundredth that on Vozar. But I'm going to clean up. I suppose you're going to stay and keep an eye peeled for the Moon Ants?"

Thar chuckled repeatedly as he left Qualus standing alone beside the now deserted turbo-spacer. "Poor old man," he thought, "his age has finally caught up with him."

But as Thar sat alone in his study in the midnight hours gazing out his large front plasta-window at a huge ivory moon starting to poke its rim above a lone thorite hill, the words of Qualus returned to haunt him. Was the aging scientist entirely insane? Could there be a hint of truth in his odd words? He thought of him standing alone in the gloom near the empty space craft, determined to save all Vozar from a destruction he honestly believed in.

Thar walked slowly across the quiet space field toward his turbo-spacer, the great moon now casting ghost shadows along the ground around him. There was an eeriness in the utter silence of the Vozar night. Thar sighed slowly . . . but then, abruptly, his breath snagged in his throat. He stood rigid, staring, his eyes bulging with disbelief.

Just ahead Qualus stood crouching, his hands working desperately to adjust the strange rifle he had struggled so long to perfect. Facing him was a grotesque parade of reeling, clawing, *growing* fiend creatures that beggared all description. Thar gasped. Yes, for want of a better word they might indeed be called *ants* . . . but enormous, writhing, gargantuan ants that advanced with slow, deadly intent. The foremost ones had grown already to enormous proportions, while those still carefully creeping from the turbo-spacer were minute, barely visible things. Thar regained his senses long enough to scream at Qualus.

"Back, Qualus, back! Run! For Tao's sake, man, don't stand there. They'll kill you!"

"No, Thar, it's you who'll die! These creatures are mine, my slaves, my army. I tried to stop you from going to the seventh moon till I was ready, but fortunately I perfected my reacto rifle before you returned. Yes, Thar, for me, the Moon Ants will conquer Vozar and *all* the universe!"

Qualus had turned to face Thar as he shouted his mad dreams of conquest. He stood shaking, quivering with emotion. Thar could only gape in horror as a slithering ant tentacle almost gently wound about the old man's throat and pressed the last lingering remnant of life slowly from him.

As Qualus slumped to the ground a wrinkled, horrid heap of mangled flesh, Thar jumped quickly forward to snatch the reacto rifle. Aiming, he caught the trigger rapidly. A blinding flare of white heat withered everything in front of the reacto barrel. For Thar had set the blast dial at full "Disintegro"—he wished only to kill, not control these brute monsters of the seventh moon. In a wild, spiraling puff of black smoke the Moon Ants vanished in the searing force of the fierce glare. Thar put down the reacto rifle.

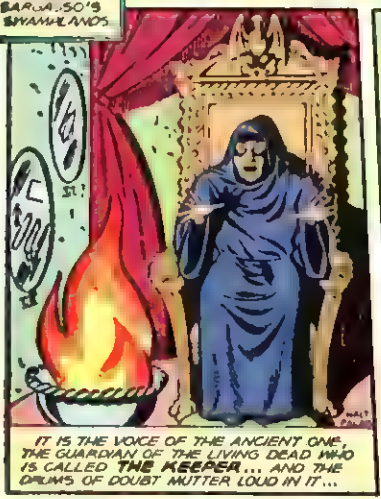
Vozar scientists buried the remnants of old Qualus with full honors—for Thar buried in his secret heart the aged man's last, screaming words of space conquest.

THE END

FUTURA

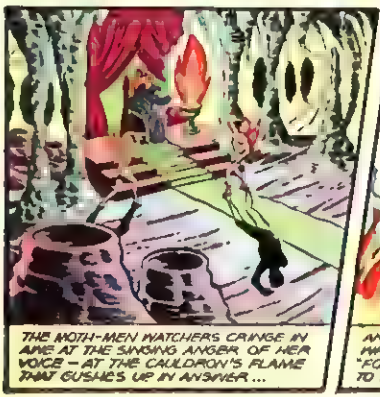
BY JOHN DOUGLAS

HARK TO THAT MUSIC IN THE AIR — TO THAT WILD AND EERIE SINGING THAT ROLLS FROM THE CRYSTAL CAVES BENEATH BARJA-SO'S SWAMPLANDS...



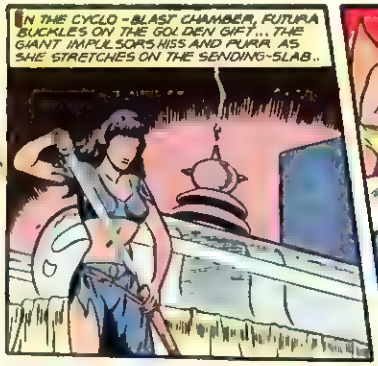
IT IS THE VOICE OF THE ANCIENT ONE, THE GUARDIAN OF THE LIVING DEAD WHO IS CALLED **THE KEEPER**... AND THE DRUMS OF DOUBT MUTTER LOUD IN IT...

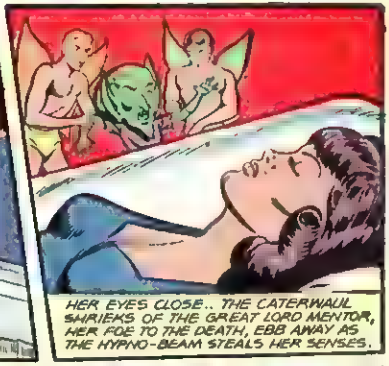
BUT WHY? WHY DOES SHE FROWN AT THE VIZO-VIEWS OF A SPACER IN FLIGHT — OF TINY FIGURES READY TO RIDE THE WAVES OF HER ATO-SCREEN?

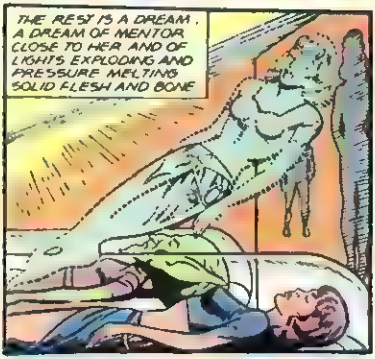


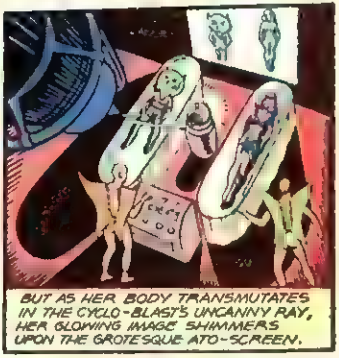
THE MOTH-MEN WATCHERS CRINGE IN AWE AT THE SINGING ANGER OF HER VOICE — AT THE CAULDRON'S FLAME THAT GUSHES UP IN ANSWER...

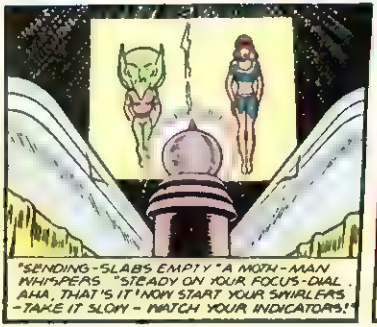
AND FROM THE FLAME A PHANTOM SWORD WHILE PHANTOM MUSIC CHANTS COMMAND. "FOR THE EARTH-SLAVE, FUTURA... HERS TO HOLD UNTIL MY DESTINY IS DONE!"

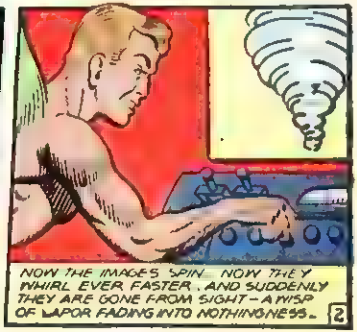

IN THE CYCLO-BLAST CHAMBER, FUTURA BUCKLES ON THE GOLDEN GREY ... THE GIANT IMPULSORS HISS AND PURR AS SHE STRETCHES ON THE SENDING-SLAB..

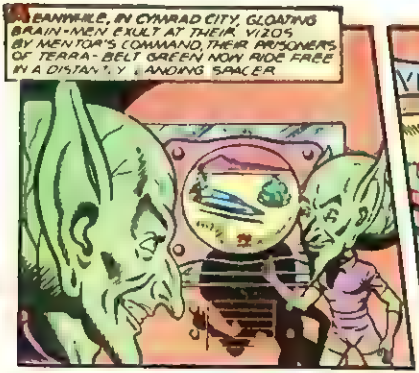

HER EYES CLOSE.. THE CATERWAUL SHRIEKS OF THE GREAT LORD MENTOR, HER FOE TO THE DEATH, EBB AWAY AS THE HYPNO-BEAM STEALS HER SENSES.

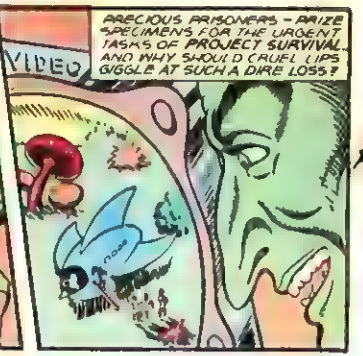

THE REST IS A DREAM. A DREAM OF MENTOR CLOSE TO HER AND OF LIGHTS EXPLODING AND PRESSURE MELTING SOLID FLESH AND BONE

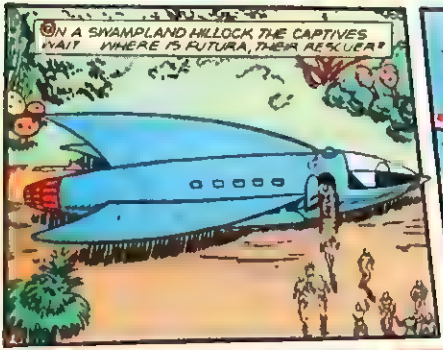

BUT AS HER BODY TRANSMUTATES IN THE CYCLO-BLAST'S UNCANNY RAY, HER GLOWING IMAGE SHIMMERS UPON THE GROTESQUE ATO-SCREEN.

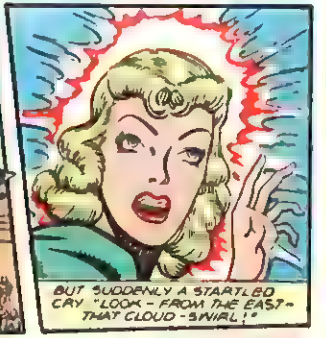

"SENDING-SLAB'S EMPTY" A MOTH-MAN WHISPERS. "STEADY ON YOUR FOCUS-DIAL. AHA, THAT'S IT! NOW START YOUR SWIRLERS. -TAKE IT SLOW - WATCH YOUR INDICATORS!"


NOW THE IMAGES SPIN.. NOW THEY WHIRL EVER FASTER, AND SUDDENLY THEY ARE GONE FROM SIGHT - A WISP OF VAPOR FADING INTO NOTHINGNESS.

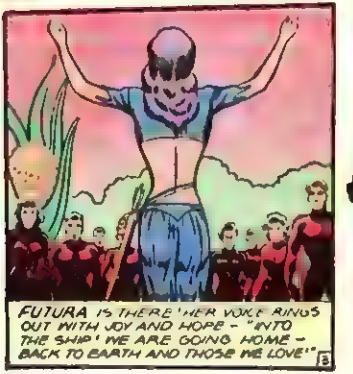

MEANWHILE, IN CYMRAD CITY, GLOATING BRAIN-MEN EXULT AT THEIR VIZOS BY MENTOR'S COMMAND, THEIR PRISONERS OF TERRA - BELT GREEN NOW RIDE FREE IN A DISTANT, GLOWING SPACE-CAR

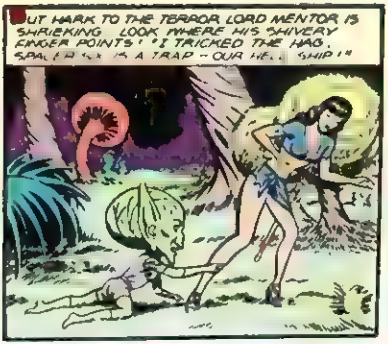

VIDEO
PRECIOUS PRISONERS - PRIZE SPECIMENS FOR THE URGENT TASKS OF PROJECT SURVIVAL. AND WHY SHOULD CRUEL LIPS GIGGLE AT SUCH A DIRE LOSS?


ON A SWAMPLAND HILLOCK THE CAPTIVES WAIT WHERE IS FUTURA, THEIR RESCUER?

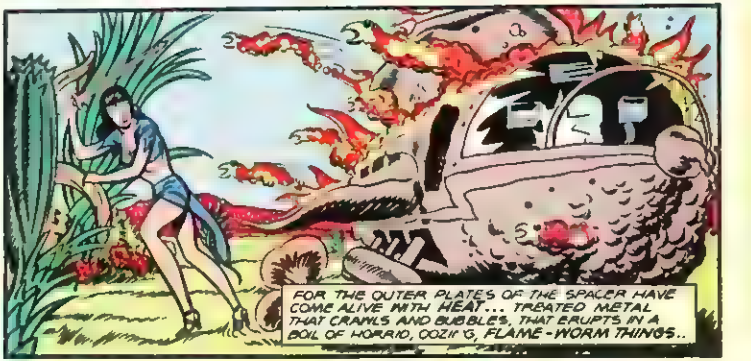

BUT SUDDENLY A STARTLED CRY "LOOK - FROM THE EAST - THAT CLOUD - SWIRL!"

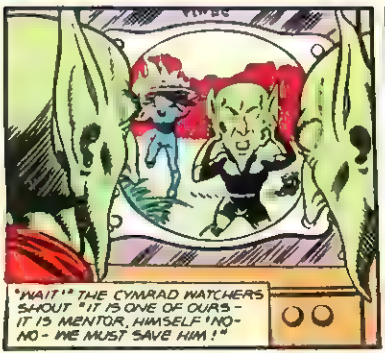
A WIND THAT GUSTS QUEER IMAGES IN IT AND THEN WITH A FINAL PUFF -

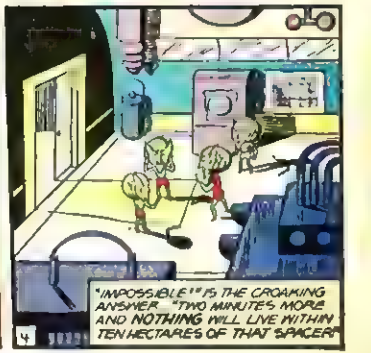

FUTURA IS THERE! HER VOICE RINGS OUT WITH JOY AND HOPE - "INTO THE SHIP! WE ARE GOING HOME - BACK TO EARTH AND THOSE WE LOVE!"
3


BUT HARK TO THE TERROR LORD MENTOR IS SHRIEKING. LOOK, WHERE HIS SHIVERY FINGER POINTS! "I TRICKED THE HAG, SPALEEN IS A TRAP - OUR HELL SHIP!"

GASPING OUT HIS GIBBERISH HOARDS - PYRO - SPORES AND OXOZYMES AND ALREADY FUTURA CAN SEE THEIR DREADFUL, DEADLY MEANING

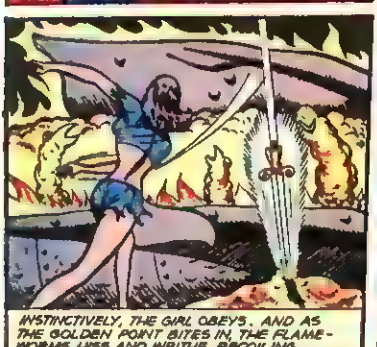

FOR THE OUTER PLATES OF THE SPACER HAVE COME ALIVE WITH HEAT... TREATED METAL THAT CRAWLS AND BUBBLES, THAT ERUPTS IN A BOIL OF HORRID, OOZING, FLAME-WORM THINGS..

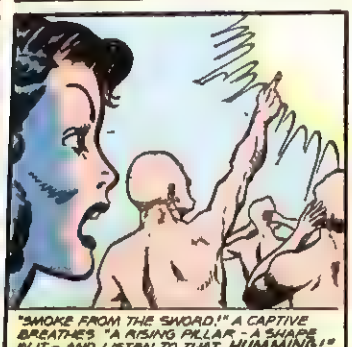

"WAIT!" THE CYMRAD WATCHERS SHOUT "IT IS ONE OF OURS - IT IS MENTOR, HIMSELF! NO-NO - WE MUST SAVE HIM!"

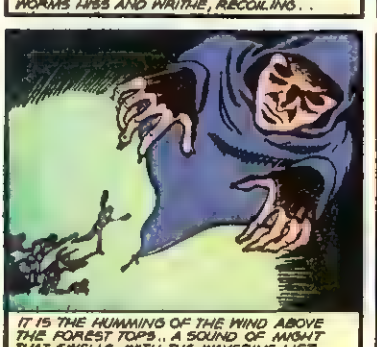

"IMPOSSIBLE!" IS THE CROAKING ANSWER "TWO MINUTES MORE AND NOTHING WILL LIVE WITHIN TEN HECTARES OF THAT SPACER!"
4

FURNACE HEAT AND FIRE-GLARE MOLTEN METAL NOW TRANSFUSED INTO FLAMING MONSTERS THAT LICK AND LASH IN FRENZY

AND AS THE GOLDEN SWORD STRIKES OUT, A MUSIC SINGS.. MUSIC VIBRANT WITH COMMAND · "TO EARTH . LET MY BLADE FIND ROOTS TO GROW, FUTURA!"


INSTINCTIVELY, THE GIRL OBEYS. AND AS THE GOLDEN POINT BITES IN, THE FLAME-WORMS HISS AND WRITHE, RECOILING..


"SMOKE FROM THE SWORD!" A CAPTIVE BREATHES. "A RISING PILLAR - A SHAPE IN IT - AND LISTEN TO THAT HUMMING!"


IT IS THE HUMMING OF THE WIND ABOVE THE FOREST TOPS.. A SOUND OF MIGHT THAT SWELLS WITH THE WAVERING LIFT OF THE KEEPER'S TOWERING IMAGE..

IT IS THE TEMPEST SINGING WILD, THE BANSHEE WAIL OF THE HURRICANE, AND THE SONG IT SINGS IS COME TO ME.. COME AND KISS AND DIE!

AND FROM THE IMPERVIUM SKELETON OF SPACER SIX, THE FLAME-WORM'S FLUTTER UP, WISPS OF BURNING AIR THAT HEED THE MIGHTY MOTHER WIND..

UP TO ALL THE FIVE LEVELS AGAINST THE SINGING PHANTOM OF THE SWORD.. TO HURL THEIR FIERY SERPENTINES INTO A THUNDER-SINGING VORTEX..

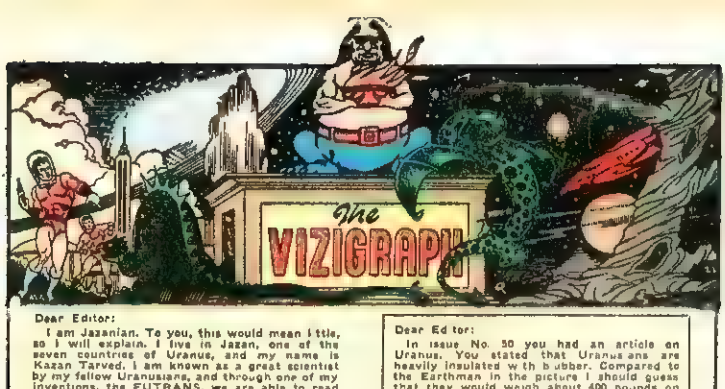
THEY STRIKE - AND THEY ARE CINDER - DUST . DOWN THE PHANTOM ROBE THEY DRIP, GRAY AND DEAD, AND THE MUSIC IN THE SKY IS TRIUMPHANT REQUIEM..

AND AS FUTURA AND THE WIDE-EYED MASSES WATCH, THE TOWERING IMAGE SLOWLY FADES .. YET BRIGHTER GLOWS THE MAGIC SWORD... AS SIGHING LYRICS SOFTLY WHISPER, "TAKE ME, EARTHGIRL!"

THEN FUTURA RUSHES FORWARD HER VICTORY CHANT ECHOING THE DISMAL SWAMPLANDS . "CYMRADIA WILL BE FREE." SHE VOICES, "BY THE KEEPER'S SPIRIT-BLADE, I SWEAR IT!"

"NO LONGER WILL THE PEOPLED PLANETS BE TROUBLED BY THE GREAT-HEADS' BLOOD-RAIDS!" AND BEHIND HER MENTOR BOWS HIS MASSIVE HEAD AND MUTTERS, "IS THIS THE END OF ALL I'VE WORKED FOR? IS THIS THE END OF PROJECT SURVIVAL?"

FUTURA APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF **PLANET COMICS!**



Dear Editor:

I am Jazanian. To you, this would mean little, so I will explain. I live in Jazan, one of the seven countries of Uranus, and my name is Kazan Tarved. I am known as a great scientist by my fellow Uranusians, and through one of my inventions, the FUTRANS, we are able to read your magazine. I just finished the September issue of PLANET Comics. I definitely do not think you are being fair to us on Uranus.

The section, "LIFE ON OTHER WORLDS" depicted us as horrible orange monsters with one eye. Also, we are supposed to have rubber insulation. RIDICULOUS! WE ARE NOT SLOTH CREATURES! We RESENT such characterization, especially my gracious Queen, Zarina. She is becoming slightly angry. I feel I should warn you, when Queen Zarina becomes angry, NOTHING CAN STOP HER. She has called a conference of the other six countries on Uranus. Their respective rulers have met in Dafendal, a beautiful international city. They are in conference now—it is evident that your magazine caused quite a stir on Uranus.

Now for your benefit, I will describe Uranusians, their activities, and civilization. In the first place, we look fairly much like you, except that we are larger, and our skins are a delicate green. We have two eyes, two fore-bims (corresponding to your arms), two pedal duss (corresponding to your legs), and SLENDER NOSES, not broad flat things like that orange man. Our hair is what you call purple, but really it is a yellowish purgle, if you can imagine that color. Also, of course, we have a mouth with teeth far more beautiful than anyone on earth.

We have many cities in our seven countries, all modern and beautiful. They are enclosed by a huge plexidome which keeps us warm. We ARE fume breathing, as there is no oxygen on Uranus. We have space ships and other things which you wouldn't know of yet.

You may print this if you wish, but I am inclined to think you and your public may not believe it. However, that is all now. No more of your slander, or—well, Zarina's actions cannot be foretold.

Kazan Zarved
Jazan, Uranus

(The Queen does not know I am writing this.)

dear sirs!

my name is rosalie swarts. i would like to know if you would buy some of my monsters. i am not very good at drawing, in fact about all i can draw is monsters. now don't get me wrong. i am not a crackpot. monsters became my hobby at ten, age now eleven. please write me if you are interested. i am left-handed and have thirty monsters to my name.

till all planets are discovered and true monsters are found,

rosalie swarts
san diego 9, california

dear rosalie

we are really very sorry, but we are overstocked on monsters right now. we even have them on file. we suggest you keep yours in custody for a while. there are already too many monsters loose. thanks for the offer, though.

the editor

Dear Editor:

In issue No. 50 you had an article on Uranus. You stated that Uranusians are heavily insulated with rubber. Compared to the Earthman in the picture I should guess that they would weigh about 400 pounds on Earth or 6000 on Uranus. Now this great weight would certainly break their bones. The same goes for any Earthman unless he had an anti-gravity device. Explain.

Frank Oberbeck
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Frank:

Flesh weight is a small consideration when reckoning the forces a human skeleton must withstand. Earthlings who support 150 lbs. of flesh, must continually endure an atmosphere pressure running into many tons on the exposed skin surface. Uranusians have next to no atmosphere pressing on their body. This balances their added weight. All in all they have to worry far less than earth folk about broken bones!

Sincerely,
The Editor

Dear Sirs.

Just been in my lab, seeing how long I could hold my breath, and found out that I could not hold it longer than a minute or more, so how is it that Aura and Donna (PLANET No. 50) were still alive when they were poured into the monster's brain? It must have been more than ten minutes before they were put in.

Ronald Garrison
Scientific Lab No. 5-8

Dear Ronald.

Don't forget they are Jupiterians, and have a different lung capacity than we do.

The Editor

Dear Sir!

How could Saturn be 885,900 miles from the Sun if it is farther away from the Sun than the Earth, and Earth is 93 million miles from the Sun. (This error was committed in the July No. 49 issue.) And another thing the speed of light is 186,000 miles per second in MY book.

Grover E. Smith, Jr.
Marlin, Texas

Dear Grover:

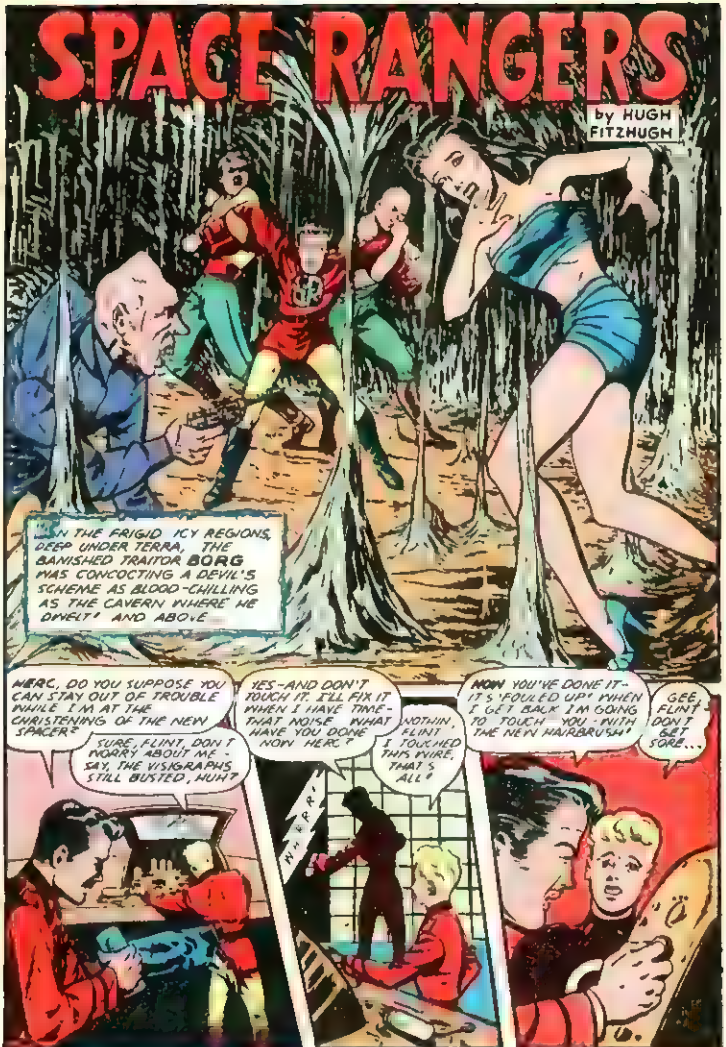
You caught our Astronomy Editor napping in the outer void. We have since banished him to asteroid X-Y, the abode of all exiled editors. Saturn does live at a mean distance of 888 million miles from the Sun. Also, if a space craft could maintain the velocity of light, it would get to Saturn from Earth in a little over one hour—that is, when Saturn is at its nearest opposition to this planet, about 745 million miles.

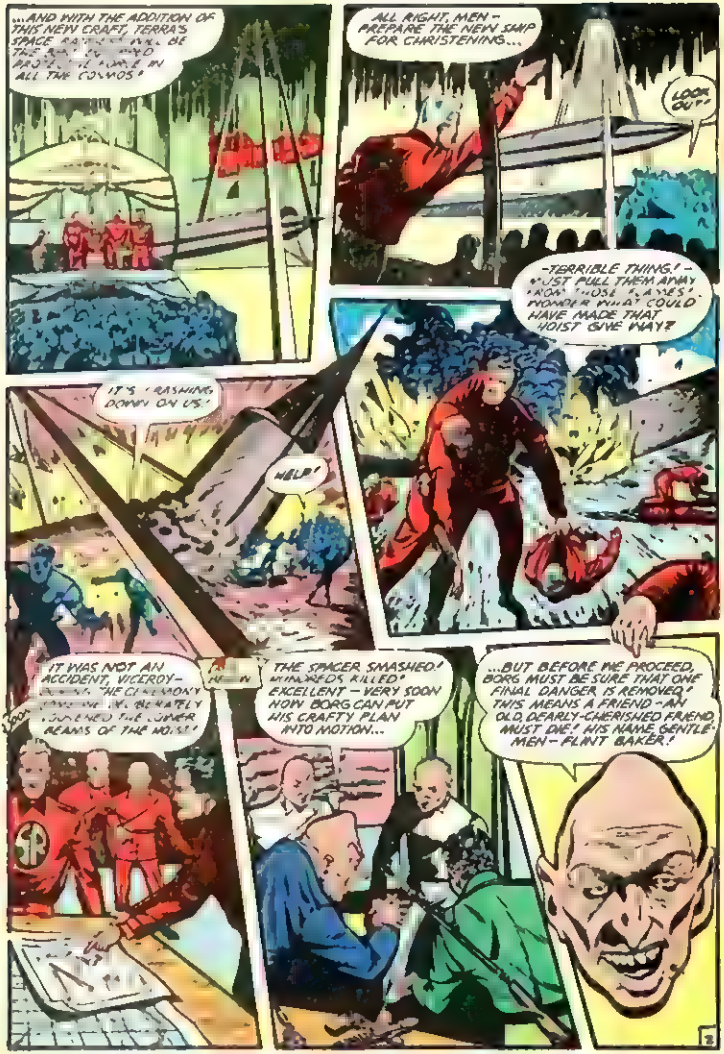
Thanks to you, to Fred Goldstein, Brahm Bassford, Bob Hall and the others who were up on their science facts, for correcting us.

The New Editor

SPACE RANGERS

by HUGH FITZHUGH


IN THE FRIGID ICY REGIONS, DEEP UNDER TERRA, THE BANISHED TRAITOR BORG WAS CONCOCTING A DEVIL'S SCHEME AS BLOOD-CHILLING AS THE CAVERN WHERE HE DWELT! AND ABOVE—
HERC, DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU CAN STAY OUT OF TROUBLE WHILE I'M AT THE CHRISTENING OF THE NEW SPACER?
SURE, FLINT, DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME - SAY, THE VISIGRAPHS STILL BUSTED, HUH?
YES—AND DON'T TOUCH IT. I'LL FIX IT WHEN I HAVE TIME - THAT NOISE WHAT HAVE YOU DONE NOW HERC?
NOTHIN, FLINT! I TOUCHED THIS WIRE, THAT'S ALL!
NOW YOU'VE DONE IT - IT'S 'FOULED UP' WHEN I GET BACK I'M GOING TO TOUCH YOU - WITH THE NEW HAIRBRUSH!
GEE, FLINT DON'T GET SORE...


...AND WITH THE ADDITION OF THIS NEW CRAFT, TERRA'S SPACE
ALL RIGHT, MEN — PREPARE THE NEW SHIP FOR CHRISTENING...
LOOK OUT!
-TERRIBLE THING! — JUST PULL THEM AWAY FROM THOSE FLAMES! WONDER WHAT COULD HAVE MADE THAT HOIST GIVE WAY?
IT'S CRASHING DOWN ON US!
HELP!
IT WAS NOT AN ACCIDENT, VICEROY —
THE SPACER SMASHED! MINDEFOS KILLED! EXCELLENT — VERY SOON NOW BORG CAN PUT HIS CRAFTY PLAN INTO MOTION...
...BUT BEFORE WE PROCEED, BORG, MUST BE SURE THAT ONE FINAL DANGER IS REMOVED! THIS MEANS A FRIEND — AN OLD, DEARLY-CHERISHED FRIEND, MUST ONE, HIS NAME, GENTLEMEN — FLINT BAKER!

ALL RIGHT, YOUNG MAN, I'LL DEAL WITH YOU! GET THE HAIRBRUSH!
WAIT A SEC - IT STILL WORKS A LITTLE - I'LL SHOW YOU
WELL I'LL BE - YOU MUST HAVE CUT INTO SOMEBODY'S PRIVATE VISIGRAPH WAVE-LENGTH!
WHY, IT'S... IT'S BORG!
AND SO I'VE SCHEMED TO DO AWAY WITH MR FLINT BAKER-THAT DEAR OLD FRIEND...
STRANGE! I HELPED TO HAVE BORG BANISHED AS A TRAITOR TO TERRA - YET HERE HE IS!
THE PICTURE'S FADING... BUT THIS NEXT ONE - IT'S THE CAVERN WHERE COLD FOR SUMMER AIR-CONDITIONING IS STORED. I'D BETTER NOT TELL HERC - HE'LL WANT TO COME ALONG!
MEANWHILE AT THE VICEROY'S HOUSE...
FUNNY! CAN'T SEEM TO PICK UP FLINT'S VISIGRAPH..
THAT STRANGE LIGHT - I FEEL SO... SO TIRED - SO DROWSY...
AS MARY LAPSES INTO A TRANCE, THE EERIE LIGHT LIFTS HER UP AND DRAWS HER TOWARD ITS SOURCE..
WHAT'S THIS! MARY - SHE'S DRIFTING UP TOWARD THAT SPACER! I'M POWER-LESS ALONE! MUST GET HELP!

YEP THIS LOOKS LIKE THE CAVERN IN THE VIA PICTURE ALL RIGHT!
BRRR - IT'S COLD DOWN HERE! - BUT WAIT! THINGS ARE BEGINNING UP SOME FAMILIAR TRACKS!
WHAT THE? THAT LIGHT! IT'S COMING THIS WAY! BU NOBODY'S CARRYING IT!
YOU SEE THE NEW XB3 GAS MAKES US COMPLETELY INVISIBLE! THEN BY RELEASING THE VAPOR IN THIS TUBE WE BECOME VISIBLE AGAIN!
LOOK! MY LITTLE PET'S EXCITED! THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING! DANGER IS NEAR!
A PROWLER! WHAT'D I TELL YOU! WHY IT'S FLINT BAKER! COME BACK MY PET! OUR MASTER BORD HAS OTHER PLANS FOR HIM BUT FIRST
I'LL BLAST HIM WITH MY FRIGO-RAY! AN' HE'LL BE AS HARMLESS AS A CHUNK OF ICE!
LATER
AH WHAT GOOD FORTUNE! I BROUGHT THIS YOUNG LADY HERE AS A HOSTAGE BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU! GUARDS! HOLD THESE SWINE! THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE!

SOON...
YOU SAY FLINT WALKED OUT, WHERE DID HE GO?
GEE, MR. VICEROY... HE DIDN'T SAY - BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM, HEY! THIS IS THE PICTURE FLINT SAW JUST BEFORE HE RUSHED OUT!
ATTENTION 23RD DIVISION - LEAVE THROUGH MAIN COLD STORAGE EXIT AND PREPARE TO ATTACK!
GOOD LORD - HERC! THAT'S OUR UNDERGROUND CAVERN - THEY'RE ATTACKING TERRA - I MUST HURRY BACK TO HQS.!
LATER...
YEP! THE VICEROY WAS RIGHT - THIS IS THE PLACE! FLINT MUST BE HERE SOMEWHERE... MARCHING FEET! I MUST HIDE!
BOY! A LOT OF 'EM! AN' IT LOOKS LIKE THEY MEAN BUSINESS!
WE'VE ALMOST REACHED THE EXIT, MEN - IT'S TIME TO MAKE OURSELVES INVISIBLE FOR THE GLORIOUS ATTACK ON TERRA!
IN A TERRA STREET ABOVE, TERRIBLE CARNAGE BEGINS!
OHH!
ADVANCE, ADVANCE! NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW!
WHAT A DELIGHTFUL SCENE! THE GAS WORK'S BLOWIN TO KINGDOM COME! TERRA IS CRIPPLED - SME CANNOT RESIST US MUCH LONGER!
WHILE AT THE COMMAND POST...
HERE'S THE WHOLE GLOOMY STORY - YOU'LL NOTICE THE CAPITAL IS UNDER THE HEAVIEST ATTACK! WE MUST ACT... YET, WHAT CAN WE DO AGAINST AN ARMY OF INVISIBLE SHADOWS!
CAPITAL CITY
SOUTH
WEST
5

As...
YIPPEE! CAUGHT THAT GUARD RIGHT ON HIS NOGGIN! NOW I'LL GET HIS DISC-GUN AND FREE FLINT AND MARY BY...
...THAWING OUT THE ICE! IT'S WORKING SWELL! HURRY, FLINT - THE ATTACK HAS STARTED!
I KNOW - WE SAW THE ARMY LEAVE - WE'LL BEGIN BY...
...GATHERING UP THESE TUBES - THEY'LL COME IN MIGHTY HANDY UP ABOVE!
SOON...IN THE SKY ABOVE THE CAPITAL...
BAKER TO ALL SPACE RANGERS! SWEEP DOWN LOW AND SPRAY THE AREAS UNDER ATTACK WITH THE VAPOR FROM THE TUBES I GAVE YOU!
WHAT'S THIS? SUDDENLY MY ARMY'S BECOMING VISIBLE - SOMEONE'S TRICKED US! COULD IT BE...?
HEY - WAIT...!
LATER...
BAKER TO RANGERS! NOW THAT WE CAN SEE THE DEVILS - EVERY ONE OF THEM MUST BE KILLED!
IT'S BAKER AND HIS CURSED SPACE RANGERS! HE'S RUINED MY PLAN! OHHH!
...EH...IT'S MY PROUD PRIVILEGE...I MEAN...I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN...WELL, ANYHOW - HERE GOES!
HERC IS SOME KID ALL RIGHT. I BAWL HIM OUT FOR FOOLIN' WITH THE VISIGRAPH, YET IF HE HADN'T - ALL TERRA WOULD HAVE BEEN DESTROYED!

SPACE RANGERS IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!!

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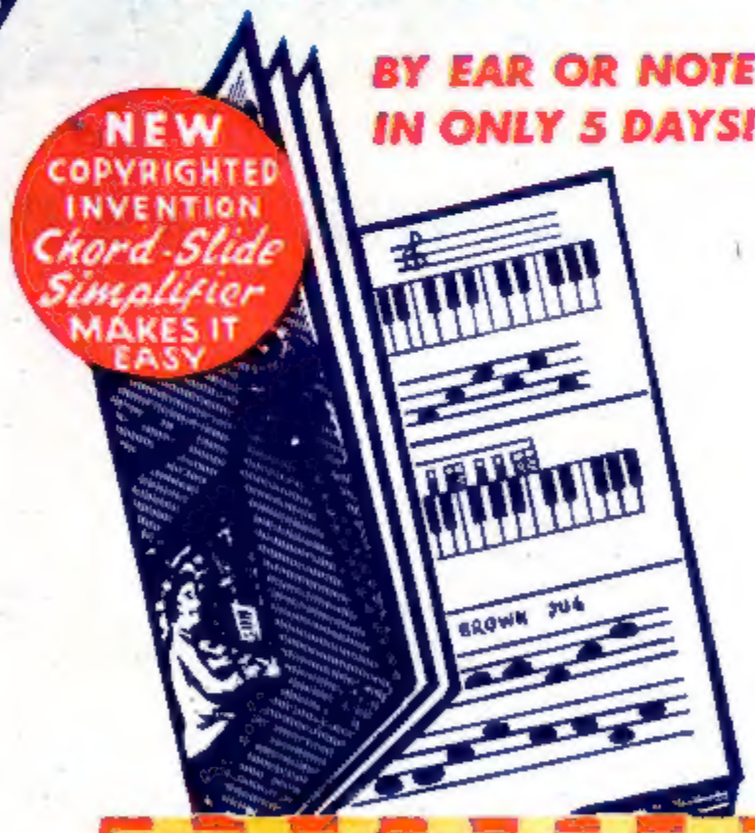
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